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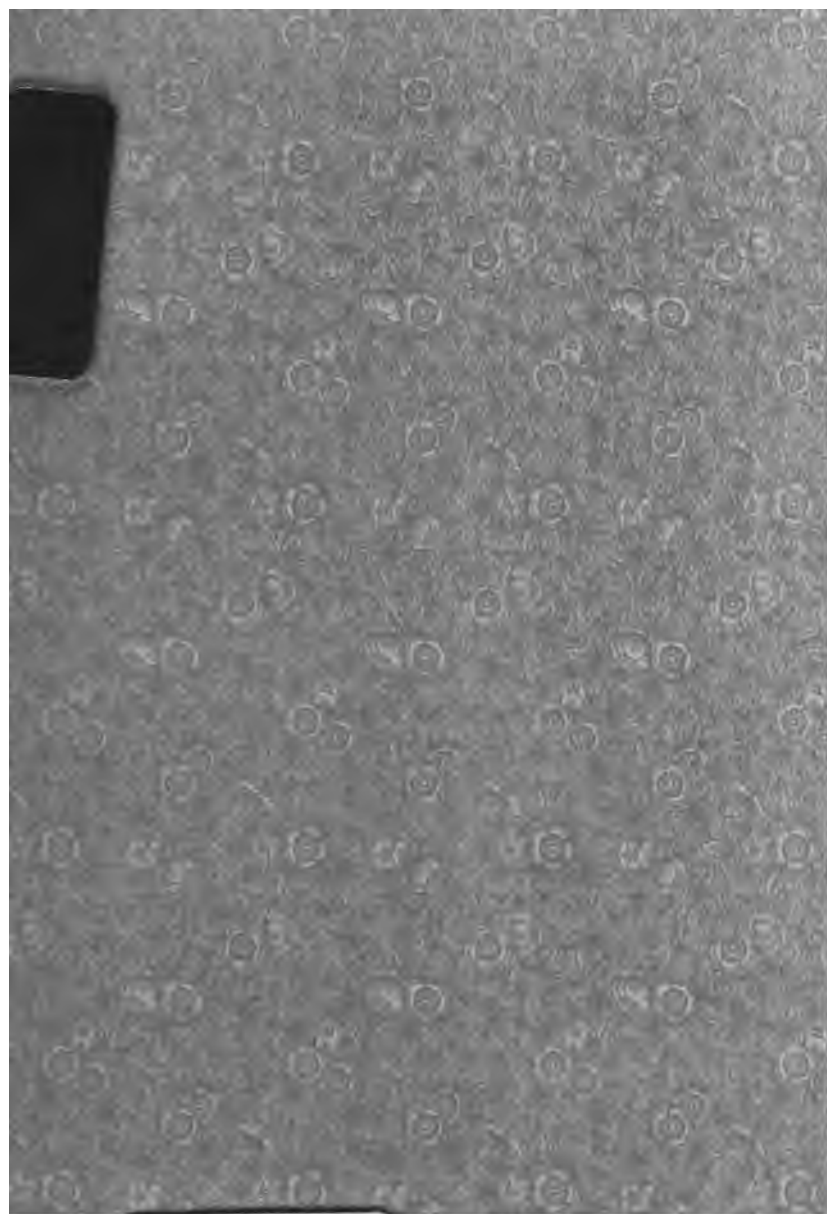
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A decorative illustration in a reddish-brown ink, featuring two sprigs of plants with long, narrow leaves and small, daisy-like flowers. One sprig is positioned above the title banner, and the other is below it, framing the central text.

A FORTNIGHT IN HEAVEN

by

HAROLD BRYDGES



Feb 8 1909

★ Dr. JOHN S. BILLINGS.

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A FORTNIGHT IN HEAVEN.

A FORTNIGHT IN HEAVEN

AN UNCONVENTIONAL ROMANCE

BY

HAROLD BRYDGES pseud. of
James Howard Bridge



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1886

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A FORTNIGHT IN HEAVEN.

INTRODUCTION.

CAPTAIN GRIZZLE was blessed among mortals by the possession of a spiritual double. Not only could he see, hear, feel, taste, smell, think, and reason like other folks, but he could leap into the world of ghosts, and do all these things at a distance from his body. For instance, if Captain George, as his friends familiarly called him, went into the country to visit his maiden sister, he could from moment to moment tell all that Mrs. Grizzle was doing at home in London; and this with an accuracy of detail which could not have been excelled by one present *in propria persona*. He had, in fact, a second self—detachable, independent, and reliable. And this was the particular in which he was endowed above his fellows.

Of irreclaimable bachelors Captain George up to his fifty-third year was considered the most confirmed; and proportionately great was the surprise

of his messmates of H.M.S. *Rinderpest* when they heard, a couple of months after his retirement from active service, of his marriage with the dashing Miss Flirtwell, a young and handsome girl, noted among naval men mainly for her "style," her coquetry, and her peevish pet pug. Considered as unsubduable as the captain himself, her marriage with "that old fogey Grizzle"—as certain of her admirers put it—was a seven days' wonder to her friends; and the exclamation, "How are the mighty fallen!" was applied equally in respect of bride and bridegroom.

Even before his marriage the old sea-captain was not a happy man. His faculty of penetrating unseen into all places gave him the knowledge that the world is full of shams—a truth reached by most people with equal certainty, but in a more roundabout way. And now, united to a vain and frivolous woman, greatly his junior in years, and regarding him with neither affection nor esteem, he became more miserable than ever. The once-honoured name Grizzle degenerated amongst his acquaintances into a neutral verb; and instead of recalling deeds of daring and brilliant achievements it became suggestive of drizzle. Oftentimes he would rush home from the club, filled with indignation at what he witnessed, in his second self, of his wife's frivolity and his friend's faithlessness.

"Sirrah! I saw you kiss my wife's hand!" he would cry with a deep-sea oath.

"Impossible," was the invariable rejoinder, "you were in the next street."

To which his youthful spouse would add in mock reproving tone,—

"My love, you've been drinking again."

Baffled and exasperated, the grizzly captain would stride furiously away, generally to his cabin-like study at the top of the house; only to be there further vexed and chafed by witnessing, in his other self, the derision with which his faithless partner and her admirer regarded his impotent rage. In a fit of abstraction he one day scribbled the following rhyme on a blotting-pad at the club :—

"Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

"But if you, mighty powers divine,
A greater bliss design her;
T'obey your wills at any time
I'm ready to resign her."

Socrates is reported to have said that but for his shrewish wife he would not have been a philosopher. Grizzle assigned a kindred reason for a spiritual unrest which had since his marriage become charac-

teristic of him. During the prevalence of domestic squalls the captain was wont to retire to his cabin, and imagining himself once more afloat, revisit by the aid of his peculiar faculty the scenes of his early wanderings.

“And while the foot stood motionless, the soul
Swept with deliberate wing from pole to pole.”

So frequent and extensive were his excursions that he knew every part of the earth, whether desert, forest, mountain, or sea. At will he flashed over hills, dales, cities, and seas, occasionally descending to *terra firma* to join the orgies of a Pawnee war-dance or to assist at the sacred rites of a Chinese joss-house. Now sweltering in the vapours of a tropical swamp, or freezing his ghostly nose in the hut of an arctic voyager wintering in San Josef's Land; now rubbing spiritualistic shoulders with Dutch market *vrouen*, or pirouetting on the balustrade of the Rialto; Grizzle revelled in the luxury of emancipation from the clay which, as theologians say, “clogs the soul.” He would fly across the bright expanse of ocean to the distant ship,

“And play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That” he had “been an hour away.”

Upon ethereal wings he flew from the banks of the Guadalquivir to the top of the North Pole, where, with true British instinct, he carved his name and nailed up a Union Jack. One moment he was in the sacred precincts of a Turkish harem, and the next wearily trudging across Siberian snows in the train of a band of Russian exiles. The flying horse in "Arabian Nights" and the golden fleece of Grecian tradition were sluggish compared with Grizzle's sixth sense. The most famous travellers of ancient and modern times could not hold a rushlight to Grizzle. Even such a "terrestrial peripatetic" as "G.A.S.," with whom every little occurrence at home in the parish of St. Pancras is a reminder of some similar incident which happened a thousand and three leagues off in the year 1856 or in 1865—the matutinal ablution recalling a wash with a wax candle in Spain; the snowball melting in his bosom (the graceful tribute to greatness of some St. Pancras urchin) suggesting the splash of a St. Petersburg droske during a thaw; a flea-bite conjuring up vivid recollections of Greece; a soda-and-milk in Fleet Street reviving memories of a draught of koumiss on the Steppes of Tartary; a Turkish bath in Bloomsbury of the Koniaga sweat-houses in Alaska; the smell of an asphalted pavement in Euston Road of the bituminous odour of the Dead Sea; the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens

of the Bay of Naples ; the West Cliff at Hastings of the Drachenfels on the Rhine ; to whom the exotics at the Promenade Concerts are as a chapter in geography, and a visit to Kew a complete gazetteer—even such a one was, when compared with Grizzle, a mere recluse—an old-time monk, whose sight-seeing was limited to the exterior of his own umbellicus. To Grizzle the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—from Mr. Whymper's Union Jack on Cotopaxi to the Griffin in the Strand—was but the veriest cock-stride ; and every day, and almost every hour, he flashed like a veritable Puck “round about the earth.”

CHAPTER I.

THE APOTHEOSIS.

ONE morning in the spring of 1886, Grizzle sat in his cabin, looking very glum. There was nothing unusual in that ; indeed, since his marriage it was his normal condition. But this particular morning he was more depressed than usual. He had just returned from a spiritual tour in West Africa, where he had verified a recent estimate of the number of skulls that grace the walls of Wydah, the capital of Dahomey. Then he had flashed twice around the earth in search of something new ; but, alas ! there was nothing. Every spot, dull and interesting, he had visited, re-visited, and re-re-visited. He had corrected Murray's guide-books up to date, and nothing further remained to be seen. "Never did I so thoroughly realize that there is nothing new under the sun," he muttered. "Under the sun," he repeated. Then starting to his feet, he exclaimed, "But *above* the sun ? by Jove, I'll go and see."

To decide was to act ; and in less time than an

ordinary traveller would take to pack his Gladstone-bag, Captain George had slipped out of his body, and had begun his explorations among the stars. How he called at the moon and found the old man suffering from chills; how he narrowly escaped collision with a comet, or how he found even a paragon-frame umbrella ineffective in a shower of meteors, it is not needful here to relate. Suffice it to say that for some reason he stopped at the planet Jupiter; and for other reasons, which will be given, he got no further.

Now Jupiter is a planet many times greater than the earth; so that, as a matter of course, Grizzle found the people there correspondingly bigger than himself. Having overlooked this almost obvious correlation, Grizzle was at first greatly surprised at the gigantic stature of the Jovicolæ, as Astronomer Proctor calls them. What huge fellows they were, swarthy and muscular! Og, the King of Bashan, would have been a pigmy beside them.

Trusting to his invisibility, the representative of earth had no fear of approaching these great creatures; but to his unutterable surprise and alarm, one of them looked down at him and said in pure American, "Whar in Jup'ter did you spring from?" Grizzle's first impulse was to run. But his gigantic interlocutor anticipated the intention by snatching him up like a child's doll.

"Say!" he called to other monsters who were near, "come and look at this freak."

With mouths agape and many forcible comments, the astonished Jupiterians crowded round the mannikin from earth, who trembled under their gaze.

"Look at its beard!" cried one, as he pushed a huge finger against the captain's chin.

Grizzle gasped and struggled in the hand which held him like a vice. "Take your thumb off my chest," he at last found breath to ejaculate, "and don't squeeze my ribs."

The crowd fell back in alarm. To see the living doll wriggle in their grasp was amusing; but there was something uncanny in hearing it speak. As the captor released his grasp, Grizzle clambered out, and holding on to the edge of the thumb-nail, stood on the giant's knuckle. Looking round at the alarmed giants, he shouted from his perch,—

"Look here, you need not be afraid. I am not going to hurt you. But don't hold me under the arms; it hurts, and I shall bite if you do."

The giants, instead of being reassured, became further alarmed; and as soon as Grizzle spoke of biting, his captor threw him off and fled in alarm. The others presumably followed, for the captain did not see them again.

After his fall, Grizzle lay still a few moments, and

passed his hand carefully over his limbs in search of injuries. But he seemed all right, and when he stood up he found to his surprise that he was hardly shaken by the fall. The scientific reader will recognize the cause : the density of Jupiter, notwithstanding the planet's greater mass, is not one-fourth as great as that of earth, and a falling body is attracted to its surface in a greatly reduced ratio. The specific gravity of the giant planet is less than that of water on earth. The reader, of course, knows all this, but Grizzle did not ; and he was very much surprised at his immunity from injury.

He soon found that he had alighted in some Jovian cornfield, and concluded that the men whom he had seen were farm-labourers. How to find his way out of the forest-like stubble of the field was now the question, and the captain set himself to its solution with characteristic energy. First he tried to get out as he got in—by the use of his sixth sense ; but it proved unworkable on Jupiter. Then he tried to force his way through the weedy undergrowth, which, to one of his microscopic size, was as dense and tangled as a jungle. After several hours' struggle he found himself on what appeared to be the highway. This was a wide, plain surface, perfectly level, and formed of large blocks of crystalline stone ; it stretched on either hand in a straight line. To Grizzle it mattered

little whether he chose the way to the right or to the left ; so, leaving the result to chance, he began to walk briskly to the left, which he saw led in the direction of a hill.

He trudged along, now wondering where this new adventure was to lead him, and now speculating on the change which his spiritual double had undergone. It was a puzzle to him, as doubtless it is to the reader, that his hitherto invisible part should suddenly acquire a tangible form and consistence. But he was no philosopher, and when he found a thing difficult of comprehension he gave it up. A true philosopher would not have been content until he had explained the mystery somehow.

Grizzle reached the foot of the hill without seeing a sign of human life. Suddenly, however, there appeared on the crest above him an apparition of appalling size. It was another Jovial, as black as night, and so tall that his head appeared to touch the clouds. As the swart monster sped down the road with amazing swiftness, Grizzle observed some kind of wheels on his feet. He dashed quickly past, and was soon lost to sight. Presently another giant on wheels appeared, then another, and a third, apparently in pursuit of the negro. As they reached the crest of the hill they stopped, and one pointed along the road in front. His great height evidently enabled

him to see the fugitive long after he had disappeared from Grizzle's sight. After a moment's conference, one of the giants pointed an instrument in the direction of the flying negro, and, taking careful aim, exploded it. A moment later a sharp cry was heard, as though the fugitive had been struck, and the three pursuers, giving a victorious shout, rushed after their victim with the speed of the wind.

Grizzle had watched the incident from the bushes which skirted the highway. Seeing the road again clear, he started out and soon reached the crest of the hill, whence the road was visible for many miles. It passed through an agricultural district, and pointed towards what appeared either a huge lake or the ocean. A sign-post near bore the legend—

TO CHICAGO, 18 miles.

TO MILWAUKEE, 183 „

The captain's bewilderment may be better imagined than described. He had hardly recovered from the surprise of hearing, on this far-away planet, English spoken with an American accent, and here, in Roman letters, was a sign-post bearing the names of two American cities. He was still looking dubiously at this puzzling object when the three men returned, bringing captive and wounded the negro whom Grizzle had first seen. Before the surprised terres-

trian had time to conceal himself he was discovered. The men stopped, and looked down at the mannikin in speechless surprise. Even the captive negro forgot his trouble, and regarded the pigmy with unfeigned astonishment. Grizzle bore the scrutiny for a few moments in silence, and then called out in a shrill voice,—

“Good-morning, gentlemen!”

The gentlemen fell back amazed.

“Pick me up,” Grizzle resumed; “and handle me gently. I won’t hurt you.”

One of the men stooped timorously, and lifted the tiny being by placing a finger and thumb under his arms.

Grizzle squirmed and kicked. His ribs were tender and the giant’s hand was hard and rough.

“Let me sit in your hand,” he shouted; and the giant rather nervously complied.

“Now you need not be afraid of me,” Grizzle began with comic gravity. “I don’t want to hurt any one. But you must lift me gently, and mind my ribs. I am getting to be an old man, and cannot stand rough treatment.”

The giants laughed. They were getting over their superstitious terror.

“I should like to know where I am,” Grizzle said.

"In the hands of the police," replied the captor, with a smile.

"That is manifest," returned Grizzle ; " but in what country am I ? "

" America, of course," was the reply.

" But I thought I was in Jupiter ? " objected the terrestrial.

" This is Jupiter, according to the astronomers, but ordinary people call it Heaven."

" Let us take him to town," suggested one of the men, and a moment later Grizzle found himself hurried along the road at a speed which would have compared favourably with an express train.

Grizzle lay back in his captor's arms, and allowed himself to be borne along without protest ; he was dazed with so many remarkable and unexpected occurrences. Presently he raised himself a little in order to look forward. As he did so he uttered a quick exclamation of surprise, and shot bolt upright in the officer's arms, narrowly escaping a fall.

There, about a mile in front of them, was a crystal city, flashing in the bright sunlight, and throwing off prismatic hues with a splendour indescribable, and almost beyond the conception of mortals. There rose towers, minarets, and spires, apparently of solid crystal, but infinitely higher and more massive than any architecture he had before seen. Speechless

and immovable the captain sat, unmindful, in his admiration of the dazzling scene, of the position from which he viewed it.

The men had stopped, interested in his display of admiration. For a few moments they allowed him to indulge his feelings uninterrupted. Presently one said,—

“You have surely seen Chicago before?”

“Chicago! that is not Chicago!”

“Indeed, you are mistaken.”

“Chicago!” he repeated mechanically. His bewilderment was returning. “And is that Lake Michigan?”

“Yes, of course. What else should it be?” And the giant showed a set of teeth that would make the fortune of a London ivory merchant.

“And are you a Chicagoan?”

“Yes; have you never seen one before?”

And the men laughed outright, Grizzle’s puzzled look was so droll.

“I’ve seen many, but not like you. You,” he added, “are a giant.”

“Nay, it is you who are a pigmy,” he promptly replied.

“May be! all things are relative.”

And with this reflection he turned again towards the crystal city.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRYSTAL CITY.

NOT of thin sheets of glass, as in the so-called Crystal Palace on the lesser planet, but of solid, heavy blocks, surpassing in size the stones used by Cheops in the great Pyramid, was this crystal city built. Tier upon tier, street after street, all of solid glass; cornices, buttresses, columns of crystal moulded into exquisite shapes, and casting gorgeous colours on every side; everything bright and dazzling, sparkling and flashing, until the unaccustomed eye grew tired of so much splendour. And not only were the buildings of glass, but inside, as the captain later found, were chairs, tables, musical instruments, ornaments, and house decorations of the same brilliant substance. While painted glasses adorned the walls, carpets of woven glass sparkled on the floors. Glass was made to assume every form and every colour; and for æsthetic effect it was unequalled.

Grizzle, borne through the streets of Chicago, was as great a curiosity to the Jupiterians as they were to

him. Having recovered from the bewilderment into which successive surprises had thrown him, he questioned the policeman who pressed with him through the throng of eager giants. He learnt that he was really in America—that is a place corresponding to the America he had known on Earth, but vastly superior to it in social, political, and industrial arrangements. It was, in fact, such an America as he imagined may result on Earth after another century of progress, and after the influx of several million more Germans and Irishmen to moderate the too pronounced Anglo-Saxon character of the people. Reasoning from analogy, he concluded that Heaven, or Jupiter, must be a planet geographically corresponding with Earth in every respect but size; that there being an America in Heaven, where the people spoke American, there must also be an England where the people spoke English, a France where they spoke French, and so on. But the difference, he concluded, would be that the nations on Jupiter were more civilized than on Earth; that their glass-houses were but an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual superiority which would soon become manifest. This he set himself to observe, so as to return to his native planet with as complete a knowledge of this celestial civilization as possible.

He noticed that all public buildings bore the inscription,—

~~LIBERTY~~, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY.

“Why is the word liberty erased?” he queried.

“Because liberty is dead,” said the officer, with a mysterious air. “The Co-operative Commonwealth killed it!”

As the crowd of eager celestials pressed round to see the bearded baby, the man who carried it had great difficulty in making his way along. But the curious multitude maintained an orderly behaviour and a respect for the little monstrosity's feelings that is rarely witnessed on Earth, where an inhabitant from another part of the planet is frequently followed through the streets and subjected to abuse. So far were the celestials from being rude, that many of them pressed little presents upon the captain, saying he was a nice little fellow, but they wondered why he looked so old and was so oddly clad. At length the captain and his bearer arrived at a massive palatial building, over the porch of which the usual legend of equality, brotherhood, and expunged liberty was supplemented by the mysterious motto,—

THE STATE IS THE TRUE GOD, AND KARL MARX
IS HIS PROPHET.

This was the Temple of the State. The party

which accompanied Grizzle prostrated themselves in front of a large idol in the porch of this edifice. The pedestal bore the name of Carter Addison, and the statue was in the likeness of that mayor of Chicago. This idol primarily represented the omnipotent State in the abstract, and secondarily the mayor in the concrete. Grizzle had known and honoured Chicago's philanthropic mayor on Earth, but he was hardly prepared to pay him homage of this kind; and he steadfastly declined to "bow the knee either to Baal or to Baal's ass."

This outburst, strong in emphasis though hardly felicitous historically, was heard by the great being himself—the high-priest and Buddha of the Chicagoan divinity, Carter Addison. A benignant smile suffused the genial face of the incarnated State as he descended the temple steps.

"What is the matter," he smilingly inquired, as he toyed with a large metal plate on his breast, bearing the symbol A 1.

"We found this curiosity on the Kankakee highway," replied the officer, as he similarly toyed with a plate marked G 7.

Grizzle was held up to the mayor's gaze. A crowd had collected in the temple porch.

The great being stooped over the little captive, and in playful, baby-English asked,—

"Where is its papa?"

The people cheered at this display of humour. Grizzle turned with a vexed look.

"I am no child, sir," he said earnestly. "I am a native of Earth—a full-grown man, and as old as yourself."

The great man laughed, and again the people cheered. Learned as he was in all the wisdom of the Chicagoans, and that was great—on Jupiter, he could not understand how a native of a distant planet could travel to Jupiter, and how, supposing this to be possible, he could speak one of the Jupiterian languages. But to humour the little stranger's fancy, he asked, with mock seriousness,—

"And are all the natives of Earth so diminutive as you?"

"Indeed," retorted Captain Grizzle warmly, "I am five feet ten; I don't call that diminutive."

The president smiled, and the crowd again cheered.

"Well, come inside," he said, "and tell me something about the place you come from." And the deputy-god motioned to G 7 to put down his burden.

The captain, when on the floor, looked at the huge blocks of glass which formed the steps, and wondered how he was going to get up them. Placing his hands on the edge of the first, he tried to pull himself up,

while the mayor watched him with amused interest. But his efforts were vain ; the captain's athletic days were over. Seeing his perplexity, the mayor good-naturedly stooped to pick up the little mortal. But Grizzle jumped aside with a yell, and cried, "Mind my ribs." The officer G 7 stooped and placed the midget in the hands of A 1, who passed with it up the staircase, and through the arched corridors to his rooms. Arrived here, he put the captain on the ample ledge of the mantelpiece, and said,—

"Little man, your face and figure are familiar to me, and if they were about as large as my own, I should say you were my old friend George Grizzle."

CHAPTER III.

A JOVIAL STATE OF THINGS.

IT would be difficult to follow Grizzle's train of thought on finding, not only that he had a visible, tangible shape in Heaven, but that he was recognized and called by name. Train of thought, however, is hardly the term to describe the workings of his mind. Surprise following surprise in quick succession, had had the perturbing effect of a series of collisions; and his mind was as chaotic as if he had been following the verbal gambolings of a Carlyle. The reader is not called upon to follow him through the tortuous process by which he regained his mental lucidity: a succinct statement of the results is easier to write, as well as less tedious to read.

First, then, Grizzle discovered that the people of Heaven corresponded with the people of Earth, not only in their nationality, but also in their individuality; not only were there on Jupiter, Americans, American-Irishmen, Englishmen who styled themselves Anglo-Saxons, and Scotchmen who liked to be called

Britons, but there was the Jupiterian counterpart or *alter ego* of every person on Earth. This explains how Grizzle came to be recognized and called by name: his resemblance to the celestial Grizzle causing his identification.

No sooner had Grizzle fully mastered this conception than he decided forthwith to seek out his own counterpart. He pictured to himself the surprise of the Jupiterian Mrs. Grizzle at the sight of his diminutive figure, and he anticipated much amusement from a meeting with the *alter ego* himself.

A second conception which he gradually formed was that on the greater planet everybody was in his proper place—the place for which his morality and capacity fitted him. Thus his old friend Addison, who on earth simply presided over the confabulations of a group of foreign aldermen in Chicago, was on Jupiter the honoured representative of the local deity, the Omniscient State—a position for which his abilities on Earth equally fitted him, but on the lesser planet other factors had decided his lot. On Earth, indeed, men are accustomed to say that

“It seems a story from the land of spirits,
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.”

This jovial arrangement excited the highest enthu-

siasm of the captain, and he gave the rein to his imagination, and drew a mental picture of a social revolution on Earth such as would put everybody in his proper place—that would give the highest positions to those of greatest worth and capacity, while ruthlessly deposing those whom accidents of birth or fortune had placed in positions for which they were unfitted, or less fitted than others who were excluded.

“Under such a system,” said he, “Louis XVI. would have got to Heaven with his head on, for he would have been an honest mender of locks. Nero as some village fiddler, would not have been execrated by a posterity that despises historical accuracy, for being a cruel and stupid tyrant. George IV., the ‘politest man in Europe,’ who was nevertheless as expert a wife-beater as any coal-heaver, would have enjoyed obscurity as a master of deportment.”

In his fancy Grizzle created a fairy, and vesting her with the needful powers, sent her forth to effect this social adjustment.

Interrogating the magnates of Earth, she asked of kings, “What have ye done?” “No harm, no good,” briefly replied a few; while another related his doings at length. “I have destroyed great quantities of game; admired and patronized actresses; and on occasions have caused much display of bunting and exercise of lusty throats. I have strutted about in

war finery ; and drawn pay for sinecure offices. Occasionally squabbling with some other king, I have derived amusement from watching loyal fools get their heads broken in my quarrels. I have—" The fairy interrupted. "Enough ! give place to another ;" and whisking off his crown and ermine, the fairy packed him off to work for his living. A bishop, snugly ensconced in his episcopal chair, was next examined. Said he, with the dignity of conscious merit, "I have taught the people to honour and obey the civil authority, as embodied in our most gracious sovereign and our distinguished hereditary nobility ; to 'do their duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them,' and not to seek to rise above it. Wars I hold to be good, and in my place in parliament I have repeatedly approved of them—notably an aggressive war by which a nation was broken up and reduced to anarchy and ruin." The fairy quite lost her patience with the bishop. "And thou pretendest to be a fit follower of Him whose watchword was 'peace' ! Thou who dwellest in a palace claimest 'apostolic succession' to the disciples of Him who had nowhere to lay His head, and whose first condition to discipleship was the renunciation of all temporal dignities and possessions ! Out on thee, bishop, for a sham ! " And as the proud prelate left the palatial residence that had been his, a

threadbare curate, gaunt with ill-fed drudgery, stepped into the vacated place. And so the fairy passed along, stopping peers in their carriages and making them change places with their footmen ; casting down to his proper place in the slums, the swindling stock-jobber, who, regularly attending church with sleek respectability, had the esteem of his fellows ; escorting the cheating lawyer, the dishonest trader, the scamping workman to their right places in Bridewell. "What have ye done?" was ever her question. "Digested and slept," said some ; "Toiled in honest poverty," replied others. "Exchange ye places then," was the fairy's command. And the transformation gratified Grizzle's sense of the fitness of things.

But all this is simply what the captain imagined, and his fancies are not to be regarded as absolutely reasonable or just. Grizzle was in fact an eccentric man. He was one of those cranks who see in the equality of men the remedy to all social disease. An early American patriot is responsible for the superstition that "all men are created free and equal." Yet no one had a better opportunity than this same patriot of knowing that some men are created equal to half a dozen other men. Equity does not include equality of men. It simply requires equality of opportunity among men. And Grizzle's fairy went too far when she made peers change places with their footmen.

Justice to the footmen simply required that they too should be made peers.

The world is an oyster, and he who can open it is justified in eating the meat and throwing away the shells. That those who cannot open the oyster should complain when the shells are thrown to them, is perfectly natural with humanity as we know it.

Grizzle's fancy looks well in theory, if not too closely examined. It is like a painting by Turner—gorgeous colourings in perfect harmony, rich and vaguely suggestive, when seen from afar ; an incomprehensible blurr when seen anear. We shall presently look more closely at Grizzle's imaginative painting.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POLITICAL JUGGERNAUT.

THE inner chamber of the Temple of the State was forbidden to the secular multitude. Into this Holy of Holies only the priests of the governmental fetish could enter. To outsiders it was a sacred mystery ; and even to speak of it was irreverent. In print the deity always appeared in large capitals—THE STATE—and when men, reading aloud, saw the sacred symbol, they dropped their voices to a whisper, and genuflected.

The high priest, however, being the embodiment of the deity itself, had power to abrogate the regulations which bound the common herd ; and by his influence Grizzle soon found himself within the sanctuary. It was a plain square room, containing a large table covered with green baize, and surrounded by twelve chairs. A raised throne occupied the eastern end of the table, and behind this stood a large plaster statue of Justice, with the bandage slipped from the eyes to the mouth. The throne was the seat of the

high priest; and during the performance of sacred rites, twelve priests, called elders or elder-men, sat round the table.

The weekly adoration of the fetish was about to be performed. Mayor Addison, clothed in spotless white, the symbol of his virtue, occupied the throne, awaiting the arrival of the elder-men. Grizzle sat on a book which lay on the table, and toyed with a phonographic plate. Presently the curtains parted, and the priest of the eleventh ward entered. His name was Michael Flinn. As he approached the chief-priest he made the sacred sign. This consisted in placing the left index-finger on the nose, closing the right eye and giving a smart rap to his hip-pocket, so as to make the contents jingle. Every elder made this sign as he entered; and Grizzle learnt that the symbol was one of great antiquity in Chicago.

To the surprise of the terrestrial the priests displayed an utter lack of decorum. He marvelled to see them punch each other's ribs, and wink, and nudge, and nod, and loudly talk and laugh. But he concluded that this was but a display of good fellowship, and was in no way intended as irreverence. He also noticed that the elders spoke with a strong Irish accent, which he afterwards learnt was due to their having graduated as legislators in the Emerald Isle.

When the twelve chairs had been filled by twelve

white-robed priests, representing the various wards of the city, the chief priest rose and began the religious rite.

"Friends, countrymen, and brethren," he began—when some one interrupted with a cry of "Chestnuts!"

The high priest smiled. Grizzle supposed that "chestnuts" was a regulation response.

"Gentlemen," the chief resumed, "we meet to-day under the most favourable auspices. The tornado of public sentiment which threatened to sweep away our beloved communistic principle has passed harmlessly by, and our governmental fetish remains the people's idol. (Applause.) Innovation has proved powerless to harm us, and our glorious motto still adorns the Temple, "The State is the true God, and Karl Marx is his Prophet." (Renewed applause.)

"But while we congratulate ourselves on our recent success," resumed the speaker, "let us not forget that a great danger threatened us. When, thirty years ago, the Knights of Labour succeeded in uprooting the republican government and nationalizing all capital, a division of property was never contemplated by them. (Groans.) Since then the Internationalists, the Socialists, and the Communists have successively obtained control of the government, and in two decades there have been eight divisions of

property—(hear, hear)—one ordered by the Socialists, three by the Internationalists, and four by the Communists. All this has tended to alienate the affection of many worthy people from our principle, and the spy system, necessary under a socialistic *régime*, has increased this tendency. (Hisses.) As a result, many citizens have absconded, and defrauded the community of their labour.”

Here the priests made the holy symbol.

“Only yesterday,” continued the priestly orator, “a negro who claims a right to dispose of his labour as he will, attempted to reach the nonconformist colony at St. Louis, and was only captured after being wounded. (Cries of ‘Serve him right.’) This colony is a standing menace to our holy principle. It is constantly receiving accessions, and its members claim that they will soon be strong enough to return and seize by force the property of which they say they have been despoiled. Gentlemen, we must prevent this. (Hear, hear). We must make another division. (Uproarious applause, and sacred symbol). We must conciliate the masses, so that when the legions of St. Louis and the proprietists (groans) come to claim their own,”—this with a sneer—“the people will be with us, and we can withstand all the forces which these upholders of the ancient *régime* can bring against us. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen,

to-morrow, at noon, I shall order the ninth division of property. The priests of this temple will, as usual, have access to the vaults to deposit their wealth until the division is past." (Holy symbol.)

After the applause had subsided, Elder Kelly arose. "There is great discontent," said he, "arising out of the numerical classification of the people, and it would tend to increase popular sympathy with our holy principle if the badge-system were abolished. The carpenters all wear badges lettered P 17, which is a lower number than M 7, worn by the butchers. The butchers claim precedence over the tanners, whose number is L 63, and these again are dissatisfied that the shoemakers and teachers rank higher than themselves. The grave-diggers are on the eve of rebellion because they are at the bottom of the list instead of ranking next to the doctors, which they claim is their place in natural sequence. To strengthen ourselves, therefore, until this threatened invasion of proprietists from St. Louis is passed, I propose that the badge-system be abolished."

The priests simultaneously rose, and, crying "Aye," threw their metal breastplates, numbered A 2, on to the table. One of the plates, thrown by Elder Moloney, rolled along the table, and struck Grizzle with some force. It was as if a huge chariot-wheel had rolled against him, and he uttered a cry of pain.

At this strange sound the priests glanced in alarm round the temple, and one hurriedly peered behind the curtains. As Grizzle struggled from under the plate, he was perceived by the priests. At first they appeared alarmed, but their fear soon gave way to curiosity, and they gathered round the little mortal with many exclamations of surprise and admiration. The high priest related how he had become possessed of the mannikin, and, to Grizzle's extreme discomfort, handed him round for the better inspection of the eldersmen.

After their first curiosity was satisfied, the celestial beings put the representative from Earth on a rostrum formed of several books, and while they listened with breathless interest, Grizzle told the story of his wanderings. At certain parts of his narrative they looked dubious, and some made the Chicago sacred sign. But the terrestrial, with becoming dignity, ignored these indications of incredulity, and told his story as the reader knows it.

The recital ended, Elder Muldoon inquired of Grizzle his plans.

"My plans," responded Grizzle, "are to learn as much as possible about what you here call the 'pecooliar institootions' of Heaven, in order to give my coplane-taires the benefit of your experiences. I further wish to discover the counterpart of myself on this planet."

"In that I may be of use to you," said the mayor. "Captain Grizzle is an old friend, and when last I heard from him, he was at Dulwich near London."

"That was my address on Earth," said Grizzle.

"But," objected Muldoon, "our laws forbid any person to leave Chicago, without the special permission of the State."

"True," responded the high priest; "but that law was not intended to apply in such cases as the present. It was directed against those heretical citizens, who claimed a right to dispose of their persons as they pleased, without reference to the good of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Our diminutive friend," he added with a smile, "would not greatly add to the commonwealth by his own labour; and it will be a graceful act of courtesy to give him permission to leave our city when he pleases."

The eldersmen noisily assented, and Grizzle made a suitable acknowledgment of their graciousness. As he finished, he thought it appropriate to make the Chicagoan sacred sign, but Elder Brady seized his hand, and cried "Blasphemy!"

The elders were then dismissed with a benediction, and the rite ended.

CHAPTER V.

ELECTRIC PEDESTRIANISM.

"AND so you have really decided to go to England?"

"Yes. I am burning with curiosity to see my Jupiterian counterpart and his wife."

"Wife!" ejaculated the Chicagoan mayor, for it was he and the diminutive captain who were conversing, "I was not aware of your marriage."

"Yes!" replied Grizzle, with something like a sigh.

"And you expect to find that your *alter ego* on this planet has done the like?"

"I suppose he has; but I hope for his sake he has not." And again the captain showed his earthly origin by a sigh.

The Jupiterian looked inquiringly into the little face.

"I do not understand you," he said. "Our marriages are always productive of happiness."

"It is not so with us. Indeed, we have elaborate legal machinery for dissolving marriages."

"Well," began the celestial, "after all you have told me about the Earth, I am constrained to say that it must be a very sorry place to live in. No bigger than one of our moons, it is subject to frequent variations of climate, which cause all kinds of bodily ailments that are unknown here except in ancient books; and the inhabitants enhance their misery by constant feuds. Then the internal morality of nations is so low that large forces of men, armed with bludgeons, must patrol the streets to protect the better disposed. And with all this public disorder, your domestic arrangements are so imperfect, that the bond of wedlock is often but a hated tie. Alas! I wonder that more do not follow your example, Captain Grizzle, and take wings to quit so vile an abode."

"Most people on Earth do aspire to Heaven, little knowing what disappointments may await them there," Grizzle replied. "But the condition of Earth is ever improving. It is not many centuries since we emerged from barbarism. Already our wars are becoming less frequent; the average morality is improving; and there is increasing recognition of the golden rule which Confucius proclaimed two thousand years ago. Jupiter has attained its relative perfection only by slow development; and I trust that in a few centuries, which are but as a day in a world's life, our

planet will have so advanced as not unfitly to compare with yours."

The captain spoke with warmth, perceiving which the celestial hastened to end the discussion.

"I hope your anticipation may be realized," he said. "But now, since you so resolutely refuse my hospitality, let us go out and engage your passage to England."

While speaking he had walked to a small cupboard, and taken out a pair of machines like miniature tricycles. The side-wheels were about six inches high, and the rear one was about half that size."

"These," explained the mayor, "are our means of locomotion. This plate, to which the wheels are joined, is a secondary battery, capable of being charged with enough electricity to furnish motor force for some score miles of travelling. It is fixed to the sole of the foot thus. By pressing down with the toes in this manner, the electric current is turned on and the wheels revolve."

And the speaker glided over the glassy floor of the room without effort, a slight turn of either foot sufficing to change the direction of his motion.

"The current, you see, is shut off by a slight pressure of the heels." And, as he spoke, the wheels ceased to revolve, and he came to a standstill. "I suppose you will be able to manage them, captain?"

Grizzle nodded assent ; and a small pair having been brought in and attached to the captain's feet, he essayed to stand up. Whiz ! bang ! and Grizzle found himself shot across the room as though expelled from a mortar. After striking sundry articles of furniture and imitating for a moment the gestures of an Irish politician, he suddenly sat down on the ground, and regarded his feet with wonder, while the machines buzzed and burred like tiny steam-engines. The Chicagoan laughed, as he stepped forward, and stopped the wheels by a touch.

"You had better allow yourself to be carried," said the Jupiterian.

Grizzle consented after some protestations, and he presently found himself held *à l'enfant* in the arms of the recalcitrant negro, who had unreasonably preferred individual freedom to Co-operative Commonwealth. He was probably the Jupiterian duplicate of the negro about whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie tells a story :—

"A well-known judge in Ohio was noted for his defence of slavery, upon the ground that the slaves knew what was best for themselves, and should be allowed to remain in the condition which admittedly brought them a degree of happiness seldom, if ever, attained by labourers in the North. His conversion to the opposite opinion was suddenly brought

about by an interview with a runaway who had crossed the Ohio river from Kentucky, and entered the village in which our friend resided. Said the judge to the fugitive,—

“‘What did you run away for?’

“‘Well, judge,’ wanted to be free.’

“‘Oh! wanted to be free, did you? Bad master, I suppose?’

“‘O no; berry good man, massa.’

“‘You had to work too hard, then?’

“‘O no; fair day’s work.’

“‘Well, you hadn’t a good home?’

“‘Hadn’t I, though! You should see my pretty cabin in Kentucky!’

“‘Well, you didn’t get enough to eat?’

“‘Oh, golly! not get enough to eat in Kentucky! Plenty to eat.’

“The judge, somewhat annoyed: ‘You had a good master, plenty to eat, wasn’t overworked, a good home. I don’t see what on earth you wanted to run away for.’

“‘Well, judge, I left de situation dar open. You can go right down and get it.’

“The result was a five-dollar note given to help the unreasonable slave who had left well-being behind to become a man.”

On descending into the street Grizzle at once

became what newspaper paragraphists call the cynosure of all eyes ; but the Jupiterians were too polite and considerate of others' feelings to allow their curiosity to grow annoying. It soon became bruited abroad that the curious pigmy and the mayor were friends. It was even asserted that they had met before, though how that could be was not understood.

Electric pedestrianism seemed the prevailing method of street locomotion, though some preferred to walk ; and for these was set apart a division of the pavement. Collisions were not more frequent among those who used the rollers than among the foot-passengers on an earthly street ; partly because of the rapidity with which obstacles could be avoided, and partly because of certain rules of the road.

Grizzle greatly enjoyed his promenade. The blocks of glass of which the pavement was formed offered no inequalities to the electric wheels ; and as they glided along at an exhilarating pace, Grizzle confided to his friend that this mode of travelling was not the least of the improvements he intended to introduce on earth when he returned.

As our terrestrial grew accustomed to his rapid motion, he began to look around him. Noticing that the people in the streets all wore metal badges, he inquired the meaning of these.

"They indicate the people's grades," replied the mayor; "I, for example, belong to the highest class, and therefore wore, until to-day, the badge A 1. That man," pointing to a policeman, "is G 7. The butchers are M 7; the bakers are F 15, and so on. Every trade and profession bears its distinctive badge."

"What for?" queried Grizzle.

"Do you not understand," said the mayor, "that in Illinois all capital belongs to the State? therefore, every worker is a state-official, and as such is amenable to the regulation of the National Board of Administrators."

"Who form the National Board of Administrators?"

"We do," responded the mayor; "we—the priests of the State."

"Then you direct everything and everybody?"

"We do," and the chief priest of the State Fetish made the now familiar sign.

"How came the State to acquire such power?" queried the curious terrestrial.

"By the law which causes supply to follow demand," smiled the Jupiterian. "The people prayed to the State, and ascribed to it omnipotence. They besought it to give them comfort in place of misery; education in place of ignorance; well-being in place

of poverty. They thought these things were to be created by a fiat, forgetful that the State consisted only of 'some men' elected to serve 'all men.' These 'some men' responded to the flattering demand. They gave the people free education ; they fed poor scholars ; they clothed ragged ones. They bought the telegraphs, and then the railways, and gave the people intercourse with friends at less than cost price. Then they bought the land, and let the people use it for nothing, or for less than its value. And so the hearts of the people were made glad. But when the tax-gatherer came, the people murmured. Then the State Fetish, which the people had made, rose like Frankenstein's monster, and inflicted retribution upon its creators. Do you remember Samuel's prediction of the evils that would follow the election of a king?" asked the mayor, interrupting himself.

"I do not recall it at this moment," returned Grizzle.

"Here is the prophecy, but for 'king,' read 'State,' and you have an excellent description of what resulted when the people persistently besought the interference of the Government.

"And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

"And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you. He shall take your sons and appoint

them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots.

"And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers and to his servants.

"And he will take your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.

"And he will appoint him captains over thousands and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war and instruments of his chariots.

"And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

"And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants.

"And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day.

"And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not: for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king."

"These were the truest words Samuel wrote," said Grizzle, after a moment's silence.

"And still the people demanded their king."

"Observe," remarked the republican captain, "how the patriarch naively brackets together 'your goodliest young men, and your asses.'"

"The classification is just," returned the mayor.

A moment later he uttered an ejaculation of surprise. Grizzle looked up inquiringly.

"The battery in my skates is exhausted," was the explanation. But as the speaker struck out with the ability of a Canadian, his pace suffered no diminution.

"I suppose you will now have to skate until you get home?" said the captain, whose bearer, with his feet perfectly at rest, was making a good ten miles an hour.

"I need not," was the reply. "We have shops at which electricity is sold just as the drapers sell cloth—by the yard." And before Grizzle could ask for an explanation the celestial had turned into a shop, inside which a number of wires depended from the wall. A pair of these was fixed by an attendant to the official's feet, and a couple of minutes sufficed to recharge the batteries.

Grizzle was reminded by this trade in electricity that he had read just before leaving Earth, of a project aiming at the creation of a similar trade there. The project is that of Sir Henry Bessemer to bring up coal by wire, instead of by rail. This may be startling, but it is very simple. Sir William Thompson has shown that by the use of dynamo electric machines, worked by the falls of Niagara, motive power could be generated to an almost unlimited extent, and that no less than 26,250 horse-power so obtained could be conveyed to a distance of 300 miles

by means of a single copper wire of half an inch in diameter, with a loss in transmission of not more than 20 per cent., and hence delivering at the other end of the wire 21,000 horse-power. Sir Henry exclaims, "What a magnificent vista of legitimate mercantile enterprise this simple fact opens up for our own country! Why should we not at once connect London with one of our nearest coal-fields by means of a copper rod of one inch in diameter, and capable of transmitting 84,000 horse-power to London, and thus practically bring up the coal by wire instead of by rail?"

On mentioning to his friend this project, which on Earth is yet untried, Grizzle found to his surprise that the actual process was antiquated on Jupiter. The coal had long since been burnt up in the manner indicated; and now the tides, by raising vast weights twice a day, furnished all the energy, electric and other, that was required in Heaven. Railroads and steamboats (on Jupiter used almost exclusively for the conveyance of goods) were worked altogether by electricity manufactured from tidal energy; in agriculture and the manufactures an enormous amount of the same force was used; and the light and heat required in towns had a like source.

As the captain grew accustomed to the marvels he saw around him, his mind recovered from the stupe-

faction caused by successive surprises ; and he began to remember that most of the wonders he had seen were either looming in the near future, or else were already projected before he left Earth. He remembered, for example, that the glass edifices which had so bewildered him by their beauty had long been contemplated on earth, experiments having demonstrated that glass has a crushing strength nearly four times as great as the strongest granite, and is only a shade more expensive than cut stone.

Again he was impressed with the relativity of things : Heaven is but an advance on the Earth we know.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AERIAL SHIP.

A CRITIC, whose sense of the ridiculous exceeded his foresight, writing in the *Quarterly Review* for March 25, 1825, on a projected railway near London, exclaims: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast as stage-coaches*! We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to *eight or nine miles an hour*, which we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

Let the reader contrast this lugubrious forecast of railway travelling with its actual development since the timorous anticipation was penned. Let him then

imagine an advance on our present mile-a-minute expresses as great as that implied by the comparison, and he will have formed a faint conception of the luxuriance and rapidity of Jupiterian travelling. Already the method of electric pedestrianism has been described ; but this mode of locomotion was considered mere walking—was held to be as quiet a pace as a gentle stroll on Earth. Possibly, a few decades will witness on Earth a change equally great : when a morning call can be made in Paris almost as readily as in the West End, and a run over to New York or Teheran is considered hardly a greater affair than a journey from London to Brighton at present.

Under pretence of going to engage a passage to England, the celestial had practised on his friend an innocent deception. He had conducted him into a large structure, having the appearance of a terrace of mansions, crowned by a huge torpedo. Inside the edifice the appointments were those of a luxurious hotel : there were lofty halls, arcades, suites of chambers, all displaying a magnificence of decoration and fitting inconceivable on Earth. Various occupied, or idling about after the manner of hotel guests, were many Jupiterians, by whom the Chief was generally known and recognized. Saluting right and left, he led the captain well into the

interior of the structure without offering any explanation ; then, joining a group of *causeurs*, he was soon engaged in an animated talk about ethics, our little captain listening languidly to moral doctrines which were to him as incomprehensible as that inculcating the duty of turning a second cheek to the smiter.

Presently the crowd began to bustle about, signs of leave-taking were apparent, and the throng became gradually less dense. But Grizzle, not perceiving the cause of the movement, innocently followed his friend when he turned away for a game of billiards. The captain was a good player on Earth, but he found that the Jupiterian balls, which, of course, were proportionate in size to their gigantic owners, were too big for him to play even bowls with, and the cue was, in his hands, as unwieldy as a weaver's beam. So, quickly ending the futile game, which the celestial had proposed only to divert the thoughts of his charge from the movements of the crowd, the strangely-assorted pair entered a lift, and were carried to the top of the building.

"What do you think of the terrace?" asked the celestial as they emerged on what Grizzle took to be the roof.

"One might take horse exercise on it," returned the captain. "Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, an

instant later, "there's the sea!" And jumping down he ran to the side and looked over. There, to his utter bewilderment, he saw the great inland sea, Lake Michigan, a thousand feet down, spreading its grey expanse all round.

The captain cast an appealing look at his friend.

"We are going to England," was the astounding reply to his mute inquiry.

"And this—" stammered Grizzle, as he motioned to the terrace

"Is the deck of an aerial ship!" And the Chicagoan smiled mischievously at the little one's bewilderment.

For a few moments the captain gazed in silence at the lake, dotted here and there with the black hulls of ships, and from this height appearing as calm as a village pond. He seemed stunned by the surprise. All the other wonders he had seen paled before this palace in air, progressing with a motion so gentle that he had not perceived it, and yet so rapid, that in a few minutes, as he thought, it had borne him far out of sight of æsthetic Chicago.

Presently he started up, and, pocket-book in hand exclaimed, "Let me see more of this wonder." And without awaiting a reply he bounded down the lofty steps with a vigour that might have resulted dis-

astrously, but for the thick yielding carpet which covered the stairs. As it was, he barely escaped jumping into the arms of a man who was ascending, and who cried in a voice which reverberated in the circular chamber of the stairs and made Grizzle think he was in a huge sounding bell,—

“Take care, my young friend. Your haste will some day lead to your running over some of us folks, and trampling us to death!” And the giant laughingly stooped and raised the midget in his arms.

“And so you are the denizen of Earth about whom I have heard so much? Hum! not very appalling to look upon! beard! man’s face! Hum!” And having finished his survey he put the pigmy down.

“Let me introduce you!” exclaimed the mayor, who, following his charge, had arrived at this point. “Captain Grizzle of Earth; Captain Gregory of Jupiter—commander of the *Meteor*.” The two captains, representatives of widely-separated planets, bowed, the celestial muttering “Hum!” and the mortal remarking that they had met before.

“Met before!” ejaculated the celestial in a tone uniting surprise with incredulity.

“Certainly,” responded Grizzle. “We were lieutenants together on board the war-ship *Devastation*. We were long friends as well as mess-mates; but we quarrelled about a woman whom you afterwards

married. I last saw you at Trinidad, when you were commanding a sloop. Am I right?"

"Hum!" began the Jupiterian. "Right as to generalities; wrong as to details. My friend Grizzle was lieutenant with me on board the *Aerial*—we know nothing of war-ships in these days—and though we fell in love with the same woman we did not quarrel. Indeed we are fast friends still."

"I am glad to hear that my Jupiterian double has been more fortunate in his friendships than I. I am anxious to compare notes with him on the events of our lives. Though the inhabitants of the planets Earth and Jupiter correspond in nationality and personality, it seems that their lives run in different grooves. But," he added energetically, as his excitement returned, "I wish to know all about this wonderful aerial ship of yours. I pray you show me everything about it, that I may return to Earth the wiser for meeting you."

The celestial captain looked dubiously at the little mortal, unable to make up his mind about him. The pigmy form, so incongruous with the bearded face, the hair tinged with grey, the whole head bearing unmistakable signs of age, together with a manly bearing which even the dwarfed stature could not hide; all these united with the extraordinary story of his earthly origin to produce in the Jupiterian mind a mystifica-

tion, which was but increased by Grizzle's knowledge of those whom he now saw for the first time. Accustomed always to hearing and speaking the truth, the Jupiterians never dreamed of regarding Grizzle's account of himself as a fabrication; but there were difficulties which prevented the immediate acceptance of his story, and he frequently had the mortification of seeing that his celestial friends tried to account for his appearance in their own way.

Captain Gregory was of this doubting class; and without thinking that Grizzle had spoken anything but what he believed to be true, he was yet far from accepting the explanation. For the present, however, he kept his doubts to himself, and cheerfully responded to the terrestrial's request to show him the wonders of the aerial ship.

First he led him into his own cabin, a cosy little chamber, furnished with a good many articles of which Grizzle did not know the use. An iron chest in the centre of the apartment attracted his attention.

"What is this curious looking arrangement?" he asked, as he dropped his hand carelessly against the side. "Oh! a stove!" he cried, quickly starting back.

"No; not a stove," replied Captain Gregory, smiling; "it is a chemical heating apparatus."

"How curious ! Quite a new invention, I presume ?"


"Not very new," was the answer. "The heating principle was discovered as long ago as 1878 or 1879, by a Mons. Ancelin. By mixing hyposulphate and acetate of soda in the proportion of one to ten, he produced a sufficiency of heat to warm an apartment. But the air in the room became unpleasantly dry, and a German, Nieske by name, placed the salts in a closed case, and then stood the case in a vessel of water. This gave out an agreeable moisture ; but the open vessel was inconvenient. The apparatus before us is a combination of the two systems."

"An exceedingly ingenious arrangement. You seem to have taken every precaution against fire."

"Such precautions," returned the celestial, "are important at all times and in all places ; but in a vessel of this kind, with an enormous volume of highly inflammable gas overhead—"

"Gas overhead ?" interrupted Grizzle, as he cast an alarmed glance upward.

"Of course," explained Gregory. "The terrace upon which you walked is a vast sac, containing an infinity of small pockets of hydrogen. Consequently, every part of the structure is painted with a solution of asbestos, rendering it fire-proof ; and, except the electric light, fire has been entirely superseded."



"But how about the cooking?" objected Grizzle.

"It is effected by chemical heat." And with this answer the celestial led the way to new wonders.

He stopped at the Central Saloon, a lofty hall, where some two hundred of the passengers were assembled to hear a performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Grizzle recognized the music; and knowing that it required a numerous band and chorus for its efficient performance, expressed his surprise that no singers or instrumentalists were visible. The explanation astonished him. It appeared that the vocal and orchestral parts had been performed by the best artists in England, in the presence of a number of automatic phonographs, which taking up the sounds and storing them away on tin-foil, repeated them when required in all the freshness of their original tone. One of these phonographs, or rather a cast of one of the tin-foil plates, had been brought aboard the *Meteor*, and fitted into the phonograph with which the ship was provided. In this manner the passengers were able to hear musical and dramatic performances of the first order, lectures by men of the highest eminence, and even entire books were thus delivered *vivâ voce*, sometimes in the author's own voice, and sometimes in the voice of those whose beauty of tone and purity of speech specially fitted them for public speaking. The voices

of the Marios and the Grisis, the Tietjens and the Jenny Linds, the tones and declamation of the Garricks and the Siddonses, the delicate witticisms of the Sidney Smiths and the Theodore Hooks, the brilliant sarcasms of the Voltaires ; all these were still heard, fresh and full of life, though the voices that produced them had long been silent in death. Grizzle was fully aware that on Earth the phonograph had long been an amusing toy, but he was astonished to see the uses to which it had been applied on Jupiter. Even Edison, the inventor of the apparatus, did not foresee all the applications of his discovery, imaginative as he was considered when he said of it, "You can have a phonograph in your parlour with an album of selected phonographic matter lying beside it ; you can take a sheet from the album, place it on the phonograph, start the clockwork, and have a symphony performed ; then, by changing the sheet, you can listen to a chapter or two from a favourite novel ; this may be followed by a song, a duet, or a quartette ; and, at the close, the young people may indulge in a waltz, all joining in it, for no one need be asked to play the dance music."

Tearing himself reluctantly away from the glorious harmonies of the Master Musician which issued from the phonograph with a volume and wealth of tone he had never before heard, Grizzle followed his guide to

the engine-rooms. Here he saw several immense electric batteries, by which the *Meteor* was propelled. Looking out of a window he was able to see the enormous screw, which revolving with fearful rapidity, drove on the ship with the speed of the wind. Grizzle watched it for a few moments in silence.

"I little thought electricity had such power," he presently remarked. Then, with enthusiasm, "Nasty smelling engine-rooms and smoky funnels are here dispensed with; what a boon to the sensitively-organized!"

But, reflecting, he presently abated his enthusiasm to ask if a steam-engine were not really required in the production of electricity, as he had observed on Earth. The question was hardly understood. Having explained that on Earth electricity is produced only by the aid of a steam-engine, with all its disagreeable accompaniments, he was told that the motor force of the *Meteor* was gathered from the surrounding atmosphere as the ship passed through it! Not being a practical electrician he did not understand the *modus operandi*; but he remembered hearing that at times the air is charged with electricity, and that Franklin had once drawn it down from the clouds by the string of a kite. So he inquired no further, to the great loss of his fellow-mortals, who still remain ignorant of

this method of procuring electricity in sufficient quantities to make the process remunerative.

Presently he remarked on the fearful nature of a collision between aerial-ships, many thousands of feet above the land, and asked if such accidents ever happened.

"They have happened," was the reply ; "but only when aerial navigation was in its infancy. Of course," continued Captain Gregory, "the liability to collision is one which aerial-ships have in common with ocean-ships ; but the danger is by no means so great. The aerial-ship answers her helm more readily than an ocean-ship, and can therefore better avoid any threatened danger. Besides it can be steered upwards, downwards, to the right, to the left, and to all the points between. The exterior of all such ships is painted with luminous paint, so that they are more conspicuous at night than during the day ; and for the rest the rules of the road in vogue suffice to prevent their approaching each other with dangerous proximity."

Grizzle made a careful note of this explanation and continued his tour of inspection round the ship.

CHAPTER VII.

A MODEL QUEEN'S-SPEECH.

THE library of the *Meteor* comprised many thousands of works, which, in the form of phonographic plates, were arranged on shelves. A section devoted to the Victorian Era had supreme interest for Grizzle ; and he spent many hours in hearing history repeat itself through the medium of an electric machine. Among the many remarkable records of that age was the following

QUEEN'S SPEECH.

“ *My Lords and Gentlemen*,—I continue to receive friendly assurances from foreign powers. The unification of nations is ever advancing ; and already the different states of Europe regard themselves as departments of one great country. I rejoice to see the day approaching when the European heptarchy will be so unified that war among the European states will be as impossible as among the counties of England.

The industrial invasion of Zululand by England has been attended with a success exceeding our wildest hopes. As our soldiers proceeded to drain swamps, clear land, build houses and bridges, and make roads, the enemy looked on in utter bewilderment; but presently the Zulu warriors threw down their shields and assegais, and joined in the work with a zest excelling that even of our own troops. A feeling of friendliness being thus established, the settlement of our little difficulty became easy; and as our victorious soldiers withdrew they were followed by the benedictions of the entire people. Instead of desolating the enemy's country by fire and sword, we have, as taught by the Great Master whose precepts we have so long pretended to follow, returned good for evil, and made friends of our foes by showering on them all manner of good.

While I regret that differences have again broken out between the Northern and Southern States of America concerning the dogma of the sacred right of majorities, I yet rejoice in the belief that a settlement will be made without a resort to arms. Recent despatches from Boston show that drilled regiments of diggers have marched into the Confederate States and are now engaged in draining the Dismal Swamp. In presence of this energetic action, the Southern States, it is expected, will speedily capitulate.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I learn with sorrow that there continues much distress at home. I am informed that the pressure of taxes is such that thousands of working people are being crushed into the ranks of pauperism ; and that the dwellings of the poor are unfit for human occupation. Recognizing that the evils under which the poor suffer are largely due to the faults and failings of Government and the governing classes, I have devised a plan by which (first) the national debt, with its burden of taxation, may be paid off, and (second) the taxes on the community reduced to their lowest limits.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The plan I have to propose will require your cordial co-operation, and some personal sacrifice. But to those whose love for their country would lead them to die on the field of battle in its defence, the sacrifice of a portion of their property will be of light esteem, when its object is to deliver my kingdom from mortgage, and my people from oppression. And that I may prove myself worthy of being your ruler, I shall make the greatest sacrifice ; and shall deem those most worthy of exalted rank amongst the nobles of the land who shall most nearly imitate my example. To them also will appertain a greatness superior to all earthly honour ; for, as my lords the bishops will inform you, excessive wealth is extremely prejudicial to the

eternal interests of its possessor. In the humble hope that I may live to see these my dominions free from debt, I have determined to surrender,

1. All my palaces, lands, and forests, except Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

2. All revenues derived from the Duchies of Cornwall, Lancaster, or from any other source, except the civil list.

3. One half of my annual income arising from the civil list, including the funds from which state pensioners are paid, leaving all pensioners to seek a more honourable source of income.

I am persuaded that, in like manner, my beloved son, Albert Edward, will, out of his income of 120,000*l.* a year, willingly cede to the nation 110,000*l.*, and will be most happy to live upon 10,000*l.*, which is the salary of the President of the United States. I am confident, too, that my sons, who have all received a good education and are capable of following some profession, will see it to be their duty to surrender all income or emolument which they now receive from their country. My married daughters will, I am persuaded, act in like manner, thus permitting to each of their husbands the exercise of man's first duty and privilege—the maintenance of his own family.

Each of my ministers of state will be prepared to

serve the country for 2000*l.* instead of 5000*l.* a year ; and my ambassadors, officers of the household, and all commissioners will accede to a similar reduction.

In order to remove the scandal which the wealth and pomp of the prelacy have brought upon religion, I do, with the authority vested in me, as head of the church in all things of a secular nature, recommend the bishops to cede their incomes, their palaces, and their lands to the supply of the exigences of the state ; that they may prove to the world their conviction, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive ;" that, having in time past, learned to abound, they may now learn, in humble circumstances, to be therewith content ; that they may begin to render useful service ; and that, after the fashion of apostolic simplicity, they may be able to appeal to their brethren, to witness that their own hands have ministered to their necessities. I further recommend them to depart from this house ; and diligently to apply their minds, first to the practice and then to the preaching of the Gospel.

I also propose that the property of all chapters and cathedrals—all incomes of deans, canons, and prebends—and of all livings, the excess above 300*l.* a year, be devoted to the same great object.

I shall also cause a letter to be sent to all churchwardens, advising such congregations as are suffi-

ciently affluent, to prove their zeal for religion, and their love for their country, by surrendering to the state the ecclesiastical income which appertains to their respective parishes, and by providing, out of their own property, a suitable maintenance for those ministers who officiate amongst them ; a printed copy of such royal letter to be forwarded, by the churchwarden, to every house within their parishes.

To enable the lords temporal and wealthy commoners to strive, with honourable emulation, to excel each other in the gifts which they make to their country, I shall cause to be laid before Parliament a bill to render all property free from entail ; to abolish for ever the law of primogeniture ; and to set aside all wills of such men as bequeath their wealth to those who are already wealthy, instead of first making a competent provision for their family, and then leaving the residue towards the payment of the debt of the country to which they owe the protection of their persons and property. This bill shall further declare a national debt to be vicious in principle, deceitful in its effects upon the state which borrows, hurtful to posterity which must pay, and tending to lead rulers into useless wars and extravagant expenditure of public money ; and it shall provide that, henceforth, we return to the more honourable customs of our ancestors, who fought the

battles of the country at their own expense—who suffered the consequences in their own times—and who never attempted, like their degenerate descendants, to spare their own property, and to carry on war at the cost of generations yet unborn, and of the industrious classes, who have but little interest in such quarrels, and but little property to protect.

I call upon all persons within my dominions, who possess any property in land or money, to make a sacrifice in proportion to its amount; and that all England may know whether every man does his duty, I shall cause the inhabitants of every town to be enrolled in a town roll, and those of the county in a county roll; and in columns, left for the purpose, each individual shall enter the value of his possessions, and the sum he is willing to give for the deliverance of his country from national bankruptcy; and a copy of such list shall be printed and placed in the hands of every householder in such town or county. I shall also direct that the first name on the list of this metropolis be that of the Marquis Camden, who, for the year 1840, paid into the exchequer a voluntary contribution of 24,000*l.* to the public service, forming an aggregate of 366,000*l.* freely surrendered by him to the State.

To the wealthy champions of religion I appeal with confidence from that Bible which they so justly

venerate, and I would set before them a sentence from that sacred volume which must command their attention. It is a short prayer, which is intended for universal adoption :—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny thee, or lest I be poor and steal." This petition has by time-serving preachers been kept back, and by the false prophets who eat at the rich man's table it has been wrongly interpreted ; it therefore becomes my duty, in accordance with my rightful title of "Defender of the Faith," to affirm, as its obvious meaning, that it is a great evil to be either very poor or very rich, that the Divine favour is shown in delivering us from each extreme ; and that, as prayer must be followed by exertions adapted to gain the object of it, those social arrangements ought to be made which tend to render the poor less poor, and the rich less rich ; and this will be the immediate effect of the plans which I have laid before you ; and as they will produce this benefit through the channels of industry, and not by the degrading tendency of charitable gifts, your respect for the book from whence it is taken, will secure your assent to the principles which I have drawn therefrom. Sorry should I be to find that, after you have recommended to the poor the Bible as the rule of life, you should reject its precepts when they are brought home to yourselves. I should begin

to suspect that the zeal of great men for the Gospel has its origin in the six millions sterling of ecclesiastical revenue, in the power and patronage afforded to the gentry, in the comfortable provision for their children by the ten thousand benefices of the establishment, and in the additional preferment and new posts of honour which the extension of the church at home and the propagation of the Gospel abroad will inevitably procure.

And inasmuch as my people find it difficult to obtain justice in our courts of law, in consequence of the uncertainty of the law and the mercenary practices of lawyers, I am determined to provide a simple code of laws, to be placed in every man's hand, which shall secure cheap and speedy justice between man and man. In order to this I now offer ten prizes of 1000*l.* each for the ten most perfect essays on this subject, pointing out equitable laws and equitable execution of them ; such code of laws not to exceed in size the New Testament, to involve the principle of arbitration, and to contain suitable penalties for those persons who shall needlessly bring their fellow-citizens before a tribunal of justice.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—Having summoned the present Parliament to consult for the good of the nation, I cannot doubt your readiness to take into serious consideration the propositions which I have now laid

before you, nor will I permit myself to fear that you are so ignorant of the signs of the times, so indifferent to the peace of society, or so attached to the wealth which you possess, as to be unwilling to carry them into execution."

The chronicle then went on to say,—

"This speech was delivered from the throne amidst the consternation of the selfish and the delight of the patriotic. Its contents were spread with telegraphic speed throughout the kingdom; the hearts of the people were brought back to the Queen as the heart of one man. The Socialist declared that he would wait for the new order of things; the Republican, that even if there were to be a republic, he would vote for Victoria as president, but that, with such principles, he should be quite reconciled to the monarchy; the Infidel, that the Queen's speech had impressed upon his mind a greater reverence for the Bible than all the sermons he had ever heard, and that it had almost persuaded him to be a Christian; the proud priests and prelates frowned, but the words of Scripture, as in letters of fire, condemned them for their greediness of filthy lucre; all faithful pastors and their flocks rejoiced; the noblest among the peers came first to enroll the estates which they were willing to give; every auctioneer was employed in selling, every solicitor in preparing the title-deeds, every surveyor in

parting the ground amongst the new proprietors. The new tenants began to turn the deer-parks into fields for corn or pasture for cattle; the spirit of enterprise gave fresh impulse to trade; building, planting, draining, hedging, ditching, called into requisition all hands that were unemployed; money was in circulation, and the dividends of those who possessed money in the funds, instead of being taken by taxation out of the pockets of the people, were paid out of the GRAND TOTAL of the NATIONAL SURRENDER. Meanwhile England laughed in every valley and on every hill; in every town the bells rang merrily, and the cannon roared; and the people marched in procession through the streets, shouting, 'God save the Queen!' 'Long live the Queen!'"

Filled with gratitude and admiration for the Jupiterian Queen and her family, Captain Grizzle inquired of the celestials more about this unprecedented act of royal generosity.

"No, sir," replied the Chicagoan with emphasis, "that graceful act of Victoria has no foundation in history. This speech was found among the papers of Thomas Spencer, a poor priest who lived in her day at Hinton Charterhouse. It is supposed that he submitted it as a suggestion to the royal family. Unfortunately for them, the suggestion was not

adopted ; it would have saved the British throne a generation longer."

"When was royalty abolished in Britain ?" queried the representative of Earth.

"At the beginning of the twentieth century," replied Captain Gregory. "It was just eighteen years after the abolition of hereditary nobility. The working classes were crushed under a burden of taxation ; and, unable to compete with the more economical industrial methods of America, British manufactures were being driven from the markets of the world. Already, in 1880, one-third of the population was fed on imported food, and presently Britain had nothing to give in exchange for it. In this way the people were reduced to starvation point. Riots in London and throughout the country clearly showed the drones what was the nature of the feeling of the working people ; nevertheless the royal family continued to draw a million pounds a year from the pockets of the starving people, and the governing classes remained heedless of the current which was setting to overwhelm a constitution of a thousand years."

"Then the British monarchy was overthrown on economic grounds ?"

"Exactly ; though I should add that the sentiment of loyalty had been weakened by constant exhibitions

of royal greed and selfishness. Despite her vast wealth, the sovereign rarely gave anything to appease the sufferings of thousands of starving subjects."

"Did the patriotism of the people suffer during these trying times?" queried Grizzle.

"On the contrary, the sentiment of loyalty seemed to be transmuted into patriotism. Men's sympathies were widened, and loyalty to an entire nation took the place of affection for a single family. The national anthem ceased to be popular long before 1890, and patriots substituted a prayer for their native land. Hear it, and mark its broad spirit! Truly the Britons of those days were fast losing their insular character."

And the celestial sang with emphasis and vigour,—

God bless our native land !
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore !
May Peace her power extend,
Foe be transform'd to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On War no more !

May just and prudent laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle !
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile !

A FORTNIGHT IN HEAVEN.

And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore !
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be, .
And form one family
The wide earth o'er.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARTH AS SEEN FROM HEAVEN.

MEANWHILE the *Meteor*, having crossed Lakes Michigan and Erie, was flashing with unequalled swiftness over populous towns, verdant plains, and far-reaching mountains, outflying the fleetest bird, and leaving in the far rear the sluggish, panting locomotive. The poet's aspiration, "Oh, that I had wings!" was more than realized; and the *Meteor* flashed on and on in joyful freedom, competing in rapidity almost with thought itself.

A vast stretch of land and water, hill and dale, towns and rural retreats, moved in panoramic succession before the eyes of the delighted Grizzle, who stood on the terrace picking out familiar spots in the quickly-changing scene, and recalling the tours he had made in the corresponding regions on earth when his double wandered about the globe in the vain search of something new.

The Alleghanies stretched away in the rear, appearing from this height little more than a long

line of mounds, dotted here and there with higher hillocks. To the right lay the Susquehannah, blue as the waters of Leman at Geneva ; and far ahead, barely visible, but rapidly growing distinct, were the silver streaks formed by the Delaware and Hudson.

The country was as thickly populated as England ; and as Grizzle looked down on the prosperous plains and fertile valleys, he realized that the prophecies concerning an English nation of two hundred million souls were rapidly being verified.

While musing over these changes, and wondering how long a time would elapse ere they displayed themselves on his native planet, Grizzle felt himself touched on the arm.

Turning from the view, he saw that during his abstraction a number of the passengers had approached, and now stood in a semi-circle about him. One, who appeared to be the leader, an elderly man with snow-white hair, addressed him.

"We are a deputation of the passengers of the *Meteor*," he said, "and we are come to request that you will deliver us an address on the subject of your native planet."

"I am happy to comply with your wishes," replied Grizzle, bowing. "As I am learning so much myself, it is but fair that I should communicate something in return."

"Thank you!" responded the gentleman who had spoken. "When will it suit your convenience?"

"Oh! I'll come now."

And the diminutive captain nimbly descended from the vantage-ground whence he had overlooked the ship's bulwarks, and advanced towards his interlocutor. As Grizzle accompanied the deputation to the saloon, a young Jupiterian ventured to express his surprise at the captain's readiness: "He himself would have required time to think over his subject," he said.

The captain replied gaily: "Oh! I am usually ready to give fitting expression to my thoughts. I quickly get up steam. In fact, I boil at a low temperature."

"Does not that imply a vacuum in the upper regions?" queried the wag with mock gravity.

Grizzle looked quickly at the speaker, then took out his pocket-book, made the note "Jupiterians have pretensions to wit," and continued his way without reply.

The scene inside the saloon a few minutes later would have been interesting to a terrestrial, could one have been present. The large room filled to its utmost capacity with spectators, the smallest of whom would on Earth be regarded as a giant of giants; the pigmy figure of Grizzle, high up on a rostrum, ges-

ticulating with all the vehemence of his nervous nature, his piping voice magnified beyond recognition through the medium of a large microphone placed just above his head; the uproarious nature of the applause (for the tiniest clap of such huge hands was like a musket's discharge); the extraordinary nature of the views obtained in glimpses through the numerous windows; these made up an *ensemble* that would have baffled the descriptive powers of any earthly penny-a-liner.

As the address embodies the ideas of one who has seen a world greatly in advance of his own, it is deserving of reproduction here. That the defects of Earth form the principal feature of the address is to be explained (and, perhaps, excused), on the ground that these were the most startling of the points of contrast between Earth and Heaven, and were therefore presented most vividly to Grizzle's mind. The following is

THE SPEECH.

"The Evanescence of Evil is a doctrine which, on a planet of such perfection as you claim for Jupiter, has doubtless sunk into forgetfulness with the disappearance of evil itself. Hence a brief review of the doctrine and its bases may not be an inappropriate preface to a recital of so much evil as will be contained in

my speech. I shall therefore make no apology for this preliminary digression.

If perfection consists in complete freedom from evil, and if evil results from non-adaptation of constitution to conditions, it is manifest that that only is perfect which is in entire harmony with its conditions. The truth of the first of these premises is obvious. The second premise receives daily verification by everything that lives. The sickly floweret, pining in the uncongenial gloom of a London attic, eloquently pleads for the bright sunshine and rich soil of its natural habitat, and eventually dies if harmony between its constitution and circumstances be not restored. The encaged eagle, with drooping eyes and languid mien, shows by diminished vitality the ill-effects of incongruity of organization and surroundings. And so is it with the details of human life. Does the child crush its fingers with the door, or burn its hand by grasping at the flame ? it is because the undeveloped faculties do not fit it for the dangers of its surroundings. From a simple catarrh to a fatal accident, from a corn on the toe to a fractured limb, the evil ever results from placing the body in circumstances for which its powers do not fit it.

Not only is it thus with physical evils : moral evils are similarly derivable. Is the philanthropist pained by the sight of unpreventable misery ; is the visionary

politician angered at national evils which he is powerless to remove ; is the moralist indignant at sins he cannot abate ; is the peace-loving husband unhappy because of his unquiet home, or the heart of the poor drudge heavy because of his hopeless lot ; the explanation is still the same. Evil of every kind, political, social and moral, appertaining to a community or to an individual, existing in the past, present among us now, or looming in the future, has ever the same cause—unfitness of constitution to conditions.

But this unfitness of constitution to surroundings is, by a natural law, ever being rectified. It is a principle of biological science that organs grow in size, strength, and efficiency by use, and gradually lose these qualities by disuse. The athlete's limbs grow thick and strong by an inverse cause to that which makes the tailor's thin and weak. By inheritance through many generations, the changes thus set up are amplified until often the original character is almost lost. The albatros, sweeping with majestic flight across Heaven's wide expanse, has, during generations, acquired its power by an opposite reason to that which has limited the flight of the domestic hen to the top of a barn-door. The porpoise, frisking before an ocean-ship's bows, has, by inherited modifications, acquired the habits and appearance of a fish,

while its land-loving relative, descended from the same ancestor, grunts its artificial contentment in a sty, or grovels among the acorns of the forest oak. The whale, habituated through countless generations to an ocean element, has lost, though not beyond recognition, the organ which, by appropriate exercise, has in man, developed into a hand. The eagle's wing, the horse's hoof, the ape's hand, the walrus's flipper, the cat's paw ; all these are but forms of the same organ, variously modified and adapted to diverse conditions by appropriate exercise.

Similarly with mental and moral faculties. The memory that becomes strong by exercise, grows weak by neglect ; the conscience, habitually unheeded, soon becomes inert ; the will acquires or loses power in proportion to its exercise or neglect. And so throughout the whole of the mental and moral faculties : acquired strength and efficiency are transmitted to descendants in constantly increasing quantities, while weakness and deficiency become more pronounced as they are passed on from generation to generation.

By the operation of this principle men are slowly becoming adapted to the conditions of life as they find it. Habituated during past ages to lives of barbarism, men have but recently become subject to the influences of society ; and, as they retain many

traits which fitted them for their previous mode of life, they are as yet but ill-adapted to their changed conditions. Hence the multitudinous evils which exist in all earthly communities. But as fast as men's natures become moulded to their new conditions—as fast as the selfish instincts are subordinated by the need for considering others—the evil diminishes ; and if the same forces continue, all evil will eventually disappear. The steps of the argument have been succinctly stated by one of our greatest thinkers. Had I the book at hand I should quote his statement ; but in default I must trust to memory and—”

Here the white-haired gentleman who had headed the deputation rose, and apologizing for the interruption, asked what was the title of the book required.

“Spencer's *Social Statics*,” promptly replied Grizzle.

“I will get it for you,” and passing out of the saloon, the speaker presently returned with a thin sheet of metal covered with delicate dottings and markings.

Grizzle examined first this side, then that ; but saw nothing to give him a clue to its purpose. The audience watched his perplexity with amusement, until one among them rose, and taking the plate from Grizzle, inserted it in the Phonograph that had

lately been discoursing sweet music. A small spring was touched, the mechanism began to work, and from the bell of the instrument came—sweet, clear, and distinct, with all the beauty and rich intonation of the living voice—the voice of Herbert Spencer.

“Here are the several steps of the argument. All imperfection is unfitness to the conditions of existence.

“This unfitness must consist either in having a faculty or faculties in excess; or in having a faculty or faculties deficient; or in both. A faculty in excess is one which the conditions of existence do not afford full exercise to; and a faculty that is deficient is one from which the conditions of life demand more than it can perform.

“But it is an essential principle of life that a faculty to which circumstances do not allow full exercise diminishes; and that a faculty on which circumstances make excessive demands, increases.

“And so long as this excess and this deficiency continue, there must continue decrease on the one hand, and growth on the other.

“Finally, all excess and all deficiency must disappear; that is, all unfitness must disappear; that is, all imperfection must disappear.”

“Progress, therefore,” continued the voice, “is not an accident, but a necessity. Instead of civilization

being artificial, it is a part of nature : all of a piece with the development of the embryo, or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation ; and provided the human race continues, and the constitution of things remains the same, those modifications must end in completeness. As surely as the tree becomes bulky when it stands alone, and slender if one of a group ; as surely as the same creature assumes the different forms of cart-horse and race-horse, according as its habits demand strength or speed ; as surely as the blacksmith's arm grows large, and the skin of a labourer's hand thick ; as surely as the eye tends to become long-sighted in the sailor, and short-sighted in the student ; as surely as the blind attain a more delicate sense of touch ; as surely as the clerk acquires rapidity in writing and calculation ; as surely as the musician learns to detect an error of a semitone amidst what appears to others a very babel of sounds ; as surely as passion grows by indulgence, and diminishes when restrained ; as surely as a disregarded conscience becomes inert, and one that is obeyed active ; as surely as there is any efficacy in educational culture, or any meaning in such terms as habit, custom, practice ; so surely must the human faculties be moulded into complete

fitness for the social state ; so surely must the things we call evil and immorality disappear ; so surely must man become perfect."

"*So surely must man become perfect,*" slowly repeated Grizzle, as the soft tones ceased to issue from the instrument. An impressive silence pervaded the room. The voice, though fresh and life-like, had seemed a voice from the dead ; and as Grizzle repeated the closing words with reverent solemnity, the prophecy thrilled his hearers as the utterances of an oracle.

After a moment's silence, Grizzle resumed the discourse.

"With this preliminary," he said, "I can now, without feeling a traitor to my planet, describe in all their intensity the evils of earth. Gross as these will seem to Jupiterian minds, such a preliminary was needed to show that the imperfections of our civilization are due to its transitional state. However shocking they may appear, I enumerate them with the sustaining thought that they are ever diminishing, and that their eventual disappearance is a logical certainty.

The most startling point of contrast between a perfect planet and earth—the trait that would most vividly impress an inhabitant of Jupiter, on visiting the lesser planet—is the want of unity among the

different races of mankind. There the universal brotherhood of man is but an empty phrase. Divided from the rest by its particular language, customs, and habits—engrossed in selfish aggrandisement, regardless of other nations' rights—surrounded by fortifications or divided from neighbouring states by armed frontiers; each nation jealously watches the others, suspicious that every movement is directed against itself, or, with weaker states, but awaiting an excuse for plunder. England, sea-girt, still finds it needful to erect costly fortresses along her coasts, and maintain on her waters vast armaments of fighting-ships. France, fearful of encroachments, every year expends a large portion of her sons' labour in fortifying the strip of land that divides her from Germany; while in distant lands her warriors and fleets are engaged in harassing petty tribes of savages who could live happily and in contentment, though ignorant of France's existence. Germany, safely entrenched behind stone bastions and walls of living steel, looks grimly on at the petty turmoils of her neighbours; the best years of her manhood being meanwhile frittered away in the needless preservation of this "armed preparedness." Russia, with vast unutilized regions at home, capable of supporting a population a hundred times greater than hers, is ever stretching out a mailed hand to grasp the territory of her neigh-

bours. Even America, with no possible foe worthy of her steel within her own hemisphere, follows the universal precedent, and spends in war preparations some of the wealth which Nature has so lavishly bestowed on her. Every petty state—every tiny republic, mimics the great nations, and expends in military display an amount of thought and energy justifiable only by the fear of immediate national extinction. Thus the Earth has become a vast arsenal—a huge drilling-ground. The sun's beneficent rays everywhere glint on the polished steel of bayonet and sword, or are sullied by the smoke of artillery. The Earth is rifled of its mineral treasures, not to furnish man with industrial appliances, but with the means of destroying and maiming his fellows. Of every fresh discovery, of every extension of man's dominion over Nature, the first question asked is,—‘Will it serve to kill?’ A poet of Earth, foreseeing the development of aerial navigation, foresaw also its application to the wholesale slaughter of human beings, and in his fancy—

‘Heard the heavens fill'd with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.’

Thus are men's best energies directed to the fashioning of further aids to mutual extermination.

Meanwhile industry is hampered not only by the immense expenditure of labour on vast military preparations—most of which are to be made over and over again, as fresh discoveries and inventions make past preparations useless—and by taking from labour large numbers of workers to be trained as fighters ; but by the discouragements which, in their jealousies, nations mutually vie in placing on the free circulation of each others' products. Entrenched behind the fiscal fortifications of the custom-house, the nations refuse to admit the manufactures of others except on arbitrary terms. England alone is a noble exception. Foremost in good works, she moves pioneer-like along the path of free trade, which sooner or later all nations must follow. This may be regarded as the beginning of that advance to commercial unity—when the nations of the Earth shall be as one people, and the fierce discord of war will be hushed, never more to mar the harmony of the universal *Lobgesang*.

A second startling characteristic of Earth, which a celestial visitor would grieve to see, is the divisions among men of the same nation. These are not the classes into which men naturally fall according to their organic temperaments and capabilities, but artificial divisions into which men are born. It is a mark of our progress, however, that these castes are not so sharply defined as formerly. They now merge

imperceptibly, and individuals are constantly passing up and down, their position being usually regulated by their balance at the bankers. But the contrast between the highest and the lowest, is one which could not fail to provoke a celestial's horror. The one extreme is marked by high social distinction, and a life of luxurious ease (though often marred by folly, extravagance, and dissoluteness); the other extreme is marked by opprobrious poverty and unceasing toil. At the top of the social scale moves hereditary dignity, proud, wealthy, and honoured; at the bottom crawls despised drudgery and loathsome criminality—ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-lodged, with scant hope on Earth and no thought of Heaven.

These heritable inequalities, with their traditions of injustice and wrong, form what many now regard as the great plague-spot of our civilization. Seeing that, without personal merit or deserving, many are born into positions of affluence, whence they command all well-paid Government posts, while others, after giving to their country sixty years of honest work, find themselves paupers, the poor recognize that the evil is one resulting from some principle other than that of efficiency, under which every man obtains his due, neither more nor less. Methods of cure are wildly debated on every hand, and many among the lower ranks would make short work of the difficulty

by forcibly seizing the wealth of the rich to alleviate the poverty of the poor. But even on Earth such rough and ready methods of removing social evils are happily not yet in vogue, though current legislation is certainly tending that way. It is possible that the remedy may be that, with advancing civilization there will develop among the workers an independence of character which may manifest itself in a reluctance to labour for others, and that labourers will co-operate on equal terms for mutual profit. Every labourer will then be a capitalist. The inequalities that will result under such a system will be no evil, for they will be only the natural outcome of the varying capabilities of men. Understanding the operation of economic laws, the inferior workman will acquiesce in his own subordination, while the superior workman will have no interest in disputing his own elevation.

Taxation, the modern name for the system of *corvées*, or forced labour for the State, is another evil that largely prevails on Earth. This maelstrom, which swallows up a large portion of each year's production, and is ever increasing its capacity for swallowing, originates in the regulative organization, which, developing out of militancy, the partially-industrialized society has found it needful to maintain for its own preservation. Besides enormous current expenses for the maintenance of a prolific royalty, a

war-army and navy, an army of civil officials, an army of sinecurists and pensioners, battalions of judges, magistrates, and lawyers, regiments of police, prison-warders, and the like, numerous contractors, architects, and builders, with their workmen, for erecting courts, prisons, workhouses, arsenals, dock-yards, fortresses, &c., &c., a vast population of paupers, and nearly as many criminals ; this central organization in England has, during a century, saddled the nation (mainly by wars) with a debt of over 700 millions, of which the interest alone exceeds twenty-seven millions annually, or about thirty-seven per cent. of the total national income.

Around these central evils are grouped an infinity of smaller ones. Large numbers of workers, unable to keep body and soul together under conditions of such keen competition as prevail on Earth, are obliged to apply to the State for monetary help. Enforced by numerous professional paupers, who have been fostered by a legislation which during generations has bred idleness and vice at the cost of honest industry, these recipients of State charity form a body of upwards of a million and a quarter persons, entailing on the community a yearly cost of about twelve millions. Grudgingly given and thanklessly received, it is not surprising that this compulsory charity should be stigmatized as 'twice cursed'—

cursed by him that gives as by him that receives, and productive of ill-feeling from the time of its forcible collection, may-be from a struggling and penurious widow, to its disposal in a publican's till.

A criminal class, forming a numerous prison population, and exhibiting a moral debasement so extreme that the direst cruelty of the savage receives palliation in view of this outcome of centuries of civilization, also owes, in a large measure, its existence to the evils already enumerated. Of causes yet unnamed, one of the most active is the unwise legislation which has helped the unsound social conditions to raise up a regular convict class. Herding the innocent with the guilty, the untried with the condemned, the tyro criminal with the habitual convict, supplying the vilest outcast with better food and greater comforts than fall to the lot of the indigent but honest drudge ; sending back the criminal into society under conditions that exclude a return to honest living ; it is not surprising that there should have resulted a class, the members of which have at last come to regard the prison as their home.

Thus on every hand does evil rear its hydra-head. Pervading society, without distinction of rank, and characterizing the transactions of a nation equally with those of an individual, immorality has, in its ubiquity, at last come to be explained by a super-

stitution of original sin—the tradition of a Divine curse is gravely recounted as an explanation of the universal moral imperfection, and the true cause is obscured. Men fail to recognize a common cause in the international brigandage of wrongful annexation, and in the petty pilferings of a gutter urchin. They do not perceive in the lie of a diplomatic despatch, or the whimpering falsehood of a schoolboy, a cause allied to that by which a fish dies when taken out of the water. In the infamy of a great nation's treachery, and the mean subterfuges of a faithless friend, they perceive nothing in common with a bruised limb; and were any relationship asserted, it would in most provoke but derision. Accepting the belief that moral imperfection is a Divine judgment, and not to be diminished, men are for the most part content to clasp their hands, pray for forgiveness of past sins, and—go on sinning as before.

For the diminution of public evils an allied course is pursued. Here also a superstition obscures the real cause and remedy—the superstition, namely, of the omnipotence of legal instruments in the cure of evils. Should any part of the intricate machinery of society get out of order, a cry for remedial legislation is immediately raised. And very often the effect of the legislation is quite the reverse of remedial, and more parts of the complicated machine are thrown

out of gear. As certain polypes, on being cut to pieces, propagate by the development of each segment into a complete animal, so many social evils, touched with the legislative knife, develop into an infinity of fresh evils. Instance the old English poor-laws, of which an inquiry-commission found, 'That there is scarcely one statute connected with the administration of public relief which has produced the effect designed by the legislature, and that the majority of them have created new evils, and aggravated those which they were intended to prevent.' And a kindred result would be found if examination were made into the effects of the Compulsory Education Act, the Industrial Dwellings Act, the Merchant Shipping Acts, the various statutes regulating labour, and other meddling laws. The State can no more cure by enactment the evils which are due to an imperfect human nature, than Cnute's royal command could arrest the tide. Yet in every part of the social organism is the restraining and compelling power of the governing agency felt: the body politic is like the subject of a mesmerist, whose smallest movement is controlled and directed by the will of another. Thus, labour in all its branches is restricted—some members of the society being absolutely forbidden to work, and nearly all having their working hours prescribed; the kind and quantity of education which parents shall

give their children is dictated, and until the official stamp of educational efficiency is impressed on the child, it may not begin to work for its living ; sobriety is sought to be secured by fixing the hours when men may and may not publicly get drunk ; cabmen and others are to be made honest and reasonable by fixing the price of their labour, irrespective of the principle of supply and demand ; men are to be protected against quacks and impostors, not by the experience which makes fools wise, but by the legal incorporation of professions, and the prohibition of unlicensed professionals ; to encourage cleanliness, people who desire the convenience may have the use of baths and washhouses at unremunerative rates, other people being forced to make good the deficit ; foolish people are protected against their folly by a law that they shall not take their meals in unhealthy workshops—as instance the match-girl, who may eat her dinner at the works only in the wood-cutting place ; the ‘goodly gift of charity’ is ensured to every householder by the enforced payment of poor-rates ; the Sabbath-day is to be kept holy by the compulsory closing of workshops, houses of business, and places of amusement ; reckless shipowners and negligent insurance companies have their interests looked after quite paternally, the State undertaking to see that none but seaworthy ships leave port ; greenhorns

are protected against sharpers by enactments against betting, and other forms of gambling; and so on through all the forms of social activity. And in conformity with the principle of life already referred to, there is fast developing a type of citizen appropriate to this grandmotherly government—a citizen who can do nothing for himself, and almost requires his finger-nails cut by State agency. Already he has demanded that his feet shall be compulsorily kept warm when making a journey, by forcing railway companies to provide foot-warmers for passengers.

To what is all this tending? is now one of the burning questions of the day. Unquestionably the tendency is to Socialism, more or less complete—that *régime* in which the individual is swallowed up by the State; in which drilled regiments of labourers, working under compulsion, receive clothing, food, and recreation in such apportionment as the regulative organization may decide; in which—" *crash!* *bang!!!*

At this moment the vessel lurched heavily to one side, throwing the occupants of the saloon violently from their seats, and pitching Grizzle from the lofty rostrum far into the mass of the struggling audience. Simultaneously a loud explosion was heard overhead. For a moment the wildest confusion prevailed. Unused to the dire calamities familiar on Earth, the

Jupiterians were completely demoralized by so inexplicable an occurrence; and the scene inside the Grand Saloon was, for a moment, as chaotic as any witnessed in a burning theatre. In their dismay the passengers hastened as fast as they escaped from the crush to the upper deck. Here the mystery of the occurrence was revealed. The accident was unprecedented in its cause: a meteoric stone had struck the ship, tearing away some of the gas-pockets and exploding the contained hydrogen. As, however, each gas-pocket was independent of the rest, and was, moreover, formed of an unflammable material, the explosion had not extended beyond the actual breach made by the aerolite; and now the *Meteor* was progressing apparently none the worse for her accident.

Quickly recovering from their panic, the passengers gathered on the terrace, some discussing the accident and others talking of the discourse they had heard. Grizzle had sustained no injury from his fall; and he was now occupied, pencil and book in hand, in gathering all the information he could about Jupiterian aerolites. He seemed as little inclined to complete his speech as were the passengers to hear more of it; and, as subsequent events prevented its completion, the Earthly reader is deprived of the opportunity of reading the captain's views on Socialism.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FETISH OVERTURNED.

"THE panic was interesting as exemplifying the long survival of primitive feelings. Although we Jupiterians have lived in uninterrupted peace and security during many generations, so that the instinct of fear is apparently dead in us, an extraordinary occurrence like that of the accident to the *Meteor* suffices to revive in their original strength the feelings of terror which we have inherited from our unquiet ancestors."

The speaker was Dr. Payne—the gentleman hitherto known to the reader as the leader of the deputation to Grizzle. He was now on the terrace, addressing a group, of which our captain was a member.

"It seemed to me," remarked Grizzle, "that the audience was more terrified than I was. This surprises me, for I expected to find great coolness in danger among the traits of so perfect a humanity as yours."

"The law of life to which you have yourself made

reference, allows no trait to survive disuse in many generations. Coolness in danger is a trait which has disappeared from our humanity along with the need for it. I fear, Captain Grizzle," the doctor continued with a smile, "you will find us great cowards if you test our bravery by your Earthly standard—if you put us 'under fire,' as your own phrase goes."

At this moment the city of New York came into view. But it was quite unlike the Empire city Grizzle had known. Beautiful as this was, the city before him surpassed it in splendour a thousand times. His surprise and admiration were akin to the feelings of the French soldiers, when they came within sight of the Kremlin at Moscow. Mosques, cupolas, and minarets of gold and silver, shone with dazzling radiance in the warm sunlight, deriving additional brilliance from contrast with their setting amid groves of trees, and surrounded by magnificent rivers. Entire edifices seemed built of the precious metals. Gold flashed in huge masses on every hand. The wealth of the Incas and the riches of India, seemed to have been gathered here ; and Grizzle looked at the wondrous sight with a feeling akin to awe. The Crystal City of the West sank into insignificance before so much splendour—a splendour undreamt of, even by

the story-tellers of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. As the air-ship passed over the beautiful city, the humble mortal thought that art had here reached its highest development, and his senses were overwhelmed not only by the vastness of the display, but by the delicate workmanship shown in the details, and the variety and elegance of the architectural forms exhibited. Occasionally, there were combinations of Oriental and Western art—palaces built apparently of huge crystals and blocks of gold and silver.

Rushing up to Dr. Payne, Grizzle excitedly inquired whence came such a wealth of gold and silver.

"That is not gold and silver," replied the Jupiterian. "It is only aluminium, coloured like gold or in its natural form."

Grizzle's enthusiasm suffered a sudden check; though real gold and silver could not have had a finer artistic effect. On further inquiry he found that the production of this beautiful metal was by no means a costly process on Jupiter; and, hence it was applied to uses which on Earth were negated by its costliness. Its lightness and strength, its malleability and ductility, its resistance to oxidization in moist air; these and other qualities admirably fitted it to many purposes which on Earth were less ably

fulfilled by lead, iron, zinc, &c. Of these the covering of roofs and the ornamentation of walls, were the most conspicuous ; though Grizzle had often wondered at the abundance of what he took to be the precious metals in mere machinery as well as in decorations. His delusion had been dispelled with cruel suddenness, and he took a violent dislike to the resplendence he saw around him, regarding it as a sham. In this he was not the sage Grizzle that we have hitherto known.

The present reader will be more judicious. He will see the vast and beneficial results of a cheap production of this beautiful metal. Every clay bed is an aluminium mine, and clay is everywhere. The tensile strength of aluminium is more than three tons to the square inch greater than the best Bessemer steel ; it is three times more stiff than bronze ; it will not tarnish in air, salt-water, acids, or corrosive gases ; intense heat does not change its colour ; it is the best known conductor of heat, and it conducts electricity more than twice as well as copper, with only one-third of its weight ; it can be drawn into a wire or worked hot or cold. It is equally adapted for making watches or monster engines. It is lighter than many hard woods, and has little more than one-

third the weight of cast iron, or one-fourth that of brass. Until a cheap method of producing aluminium has been invented on Earth, aerial navigation remains impossible ; for all other metals are too heavy for the necessary machinery.

The *Meteor* stopped over a large open space which appeared to serve the purpose of docks to aerial-ships, as several of these vessels were moored to massive stanchions fixed in the ground. Tacking so as to meet the wind, the helmsman quickly brought the ship to ; and now with slowly revolving screw the *Meteor* gently sank into its harbour. Men at each end stood ready to cast ropes to those below ; and a few seconds after arriving in the vicinity, the *Meteor* lay on the ground like some stranded leviathan.

Grizzle had witnessed many a presidential election in the earthly America, and was familiar with the incidental clamour—the torchlight processions eight miles long, the reckless firing of rockets, and boisterous excitement. Still he was ill-prepared for the turmoil in which he found the citizens of New York. The world and his wife seemed to be in the streets, shouting, jostling, crowding, and generally engaged in demonstrative behaviour.

“What does it all mean ?” asked the captain, as

he watched the noisy crowd from the taffrail of the *Meteor*.

"I suspect that the New Yorkers are enjoying a revolution," replied a passenger who stood near.

"What have they to revolt against?"

"The tyranny of foreigners," was the response.

"You surprise me," said Grizzle. "Has New York been invaded?"

"Yes, in a sense. Its government is in the hands of a gang of foreigners, who parcel out among their followers and supporters the wealth of the city."

"Oh! is that all?" and Grizzle laughed. "Why, that is the normal condition of New York on my planet."

"It is the normal condition here, too," responded the other. "But the present *émeute* is abnormal, and we may expect to see something interesting."

While they were speaking, the crowd began to move in the direction of the docks, and presently the spectators on the deck of the *Meteor* saw that a "parade" was being held. Winding in and out the streets, its course marked by "transparencies" or luminous banners, it gradually neared the docks, until Grizzle could read the mottoes and hear the cries of the mob. "The aldermen be hanged!"

"Pure water and no cholera germs!" "Erin go bragh!" "Free. distribution of soap!"—these and similar sentiments gleamed from the lantern-like banners and rang from the lusty throats of the mob.

"The free distribution of soap is one of the dividing lines of political parties in New York," remarked a passenger, who stood near Grizzle's step-ladder. "Free baths were supplied long ago, but the people boycotted them because free soap was not included."

"Is the story true about the New York Turkish baths?" asked Grizzle.

"Perfectly true," responded the other. "An act was passed authorizing the erection of free Turkish baths, but nothing was said about attendants; and the imported citizens from Buda-Pesth and Cork took the senators, and after giving them a roasting in their own ovens, set them to shampoo each other."

A moment later the speakers were joined by Dr. Payne, who had been out to see what was the matter. He reported that the Individualist party had at last risen up against the Socialists, and were now trying to put some check on the foreigners who managed the government of the city. "The fact is," said he, "the city is controlled by immigrants, who, redolent with

patriotism and whisky, run the government in their own interests. The people have been apathetic, asserting their rights only when oppression became unendurable. This is the seventh attempt made during the present administration to rid the City Hall of the thieves who infest it. The government have passed one Socialistic measure after another, until New York is reduced almost to the straits of Chicago ; and terrified by this example, the citizens are rising in strength to make one great effort to dislodge the corrupt holders of power."

"Are the citizens meeting with much opposition ?" asked a passenger.

"Yes ; there goes a procession of forty thousand foreign voters, who are demanding more Socialism. Free beer, free baths, free chowder, free clothes to the poor, free Latin and geography—all these have been granted and more. Now they demand bread and cheese with the beer, soap with the baths, crackers with the chowder, pocket-money with the clothes, and lessons on the banjo with the Latin. And because the aldermen have hesitated to give the soap, the mob has threatened to lynch them, and the entire Council has fled to Hoboken ?"

"Now is the grand opportunity for the citizens,"

said Grizzle. "They should organize a new Council while the old one is in exile."

"That is precisely what they have just done," answered the doctor. "They are preparing a *plébiscite*. Every man, woman, and child over sixteen throughout the State is about to vote on a paper like this."

Dr. Payne handed round several printed slips. They ran as follows :—

TO THE PEOPLE.

It is desirable that every individual in the community should know exactly the extent of his personal liberty. It is also desirable that this knowledge should be the special possession of those individuals who are chosen by the community to serve it, and who are collectively called the Government. And that there should be no conflict of opinion between the servants of the people, called the Government, and the individuals of which the People consist, it is further desirable that the limits of this personal liberty should be indicated in no equivocal way. And to the same end the powers of the said servants, called the Government, should be similarly indicated.

Therefore you are hereby required to say whether you agree to conform to the will of the majority in respect of

the following measures, and whether you will empower the Public servants to take your person or property or both :—

- 1.—*To resist invasion ?*
- 2.—*To make offensive war ?*
- 3.—*To study the habits of jelly-fish ?*
- 4.—*To defend life and property from internal aggressors ?*
- 5.—*To fix the creed and forms of worship ?*
- 6.—*To prescribe fashions and quality of clothes ?*
- 7.—*To dictate governmental forms to foreigners ?*
- 8.—*To prescribe food ?*
- 9.—*To prescribe drink ?*
- 10.—*To limit rates of interest ?*
- 11.—*To limit hours of labour ?*
- 12.—*To prohibit purchases abroad ?*
- 13.—*To interdict sales abroad ?*
- 14.—*To fix price of commodities ?*
- 15.—*To force children to speak grammatically ?*
- 16.—*To supervise manufactures ?*
- 17.—*To enforce charity ?*
- 18.—*To enforce religiousness ?*
- 19.—*To provide free reading and amusement ?*

“That is the kind of a *plébiscite* we want in England,” said Grizzle, as he scribbled “No !” to all but

the first and third questions. "There is hardly a measure indicated for which 'the servants of the people called the Government' at home have not taken citizens' property; and in America every measure, even to that concerning the jelly-fish, is in actual operation."

A good deal more to the same effect was said before Grizzle retired for the night.

CHAPTER X.

HUMANITY'S GOLDEN AGE.

AT New York Grizzle attended the only religious ceremony he was able to witness in Jupiter. It was in the great marble cathedral in Fifth Avenue. The rich ornamentation which everywhere prevailed in the buildings of the city, adorned the interior of the edifice, and appeared the more elaborate from the brilliancy of the illuminations. Around the building were beautiful groups of statuary; paintings of surpassing merit adorned the walls and pillars; the air was laden with the fragrance of a million flowers; soft melody rose and fell in gentle cadence like the crescendo and diminuendo of the breeze. Everything was arranged to charm the senses and impress the mind with the beauty of the world. The congregation, too, though consisting largely of men, displayed a variety and elegance of attire which showed that the beautiful was an important element of their worship.

The service showed the same seeking after the beautiful. All of noble and good that had been written or said in the past was laid under contribution for the purposes of religion. The Zendavesta of the Parsees, the Rig Veda of the Brahmans, the sacred sayings of Confucius, the sagas of the Norsemen, the traditions of the Hebrews, the sacred books of Tibet, the ritual of ancient Peru, the long-buried wisdom of Egypt, the Gospels of Christianity, and the fairy tales of science : all were made to yield what they contained of noble, great, and good.

The preacher was a divine from Britain, and he selected for text the lines of Tennyson,—

“ I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the
suns.”

At its conclusion Grizzle secured a phonograph-plate containing the discourse and the exordium, which are here reproduced :—

“ The Power which was before us, and shall be after us, which is above all, and through all, and in us all, in which we live, and move, and have our being, even this hath ever been our dwelling-place. Before the mountains were brought forth, or this great globe itself received its form ; and though they be changed

as a vesture, so that naught remaineth as it was aforetime, even from everlasting to everlasting abideth our God."

The early traditions of many peoples, living in habitats widely apart, agree in placing the golden age of humanity in the past. The paradise of Judaism has its parallel in the sacred books of India, as well as in the unwritten lore of North American Indians. In the legends of Greece, in the sagas of the Pacific Islanders, and on the wall sculptures of Peru ; in the sacred classics of the Chinese, and on the clay tablets of the Chaldeans, is traceable, with variations, the belief in a "once upon a time," when men lived in primal innocence and peace, when sin and sorrow were unknown, and life was so long that, compared with its present little span, it seemed almost an eternity.

Among western peoples the belief which in past times obtained general acceptance was that of the Hebrews—of a first man created by God out of nothing, and called, in his perfection, Adam. Augustine declares that "The most gifted of our time must be considered, when compared with Adam in genius, as tortoises to birds in speed." Thomas Aquinas tells

us that Adam "had universal knowledge, fellowshiped with angels, and saw God." South, in his famous sermon on "Man the image of God," after an elaborate panegyric of the wondrous majesty, wisdom, peacefulness, and bliss of man before the fall, exclaims, "Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens the rudiments of a Paradise!" The prevailing notion of the wondrous nature of the man Adam is well summed up by Jean Paul, who, with a humour which must have shocked many of his contemporaries, says, "Adam, in his state of innocence, possessed a knowledge of all the arts and sciences, universal and scholastic history, the several penal and other codes of law, and all the old dead languages, as well as the living. He was, as it were, a living Pegasus and Pindus, a movable lodge of sublime light, a royal literary society, a pocket-seat of the Muses, and a short golden age of Louis the Fourteenth!"

In the days when it was held that man leaped into the world much as a harlequin jumps on to a stage, there was no difficulty in believing that so much sweetness and light, literary ability, and intellectual excellence came into existence also with a bound. Now, however, we know that knowledge and morality, equally with the animal man, are the re-

sults of long ages of development. With many other misty fancies, the old world belief has been dissipated by the ever-brightening light of truth. Adam and his Hebrew paradise, like Zeus and his Olympian heaven, have been relegated to the shelves of mythologists' libraries, whence they are occasionally recalled to furnish examples of crudities of belief held by nascent humanity.

Men no longer look behind for the race's golden age, but ever forward. The prodigious strides which humanity has made, especially during the past century or two, indicate plainly enough that the movement is not retrograde, but progressive. The god-like being who has chained to his chariot the giant of the tornado, and rides upon the storm-wind—who makes the fierce lightning carry his message across continents and under seas, annihilating time and space so completely that his words are heard on the other side of the world ere their vibrations have ceased on this—who has weighed worlds as in a balance, and made the gleam of light that has taken a thousand years to reach the planet, reveal the secret of its origin, and name the constituents of its flame—who has calculated the position of unseen worlds and foretold their weight—who has harnessed

the sunbeam to his carriage and driven it as he would a horse ; is not such a being a worthier representative of a golden age than the Adam, beetle-browed, prognathous savage, who in the caves where he lived the life of a beast, has left his ill-shapen cranium that his descendants might know what manner of man he was ?

Looking down the dim vistas of the past, and noting the ignorance, crime, and misery that marked bygone ages, it ceases to be a marvel to us that men should have pictured in their darkness, an era of light and happiness, and in their hopelessness have regarded that happy time, not as something to be realized by the race in the future, but as something that had long ceased to be. When the fierce hordes of Attila, the "Scourge of God," swept like a hurricane across the world, leaving a smoking and bloody waste in their track ; when a Tartar leader reared his pyramid of ninety thousand human skulls ; when, to build a wall of China, or the tomb of a Cheops, or a city of Peter the Great, tens of thousands of human beings toiled for years, their flagging energies quickened into fresh life by the bite of the lash, until death ended the misery ; when the Mexican idol was fed with palpitating human hearts, and whole

tribes were sacrificed to the god ; when the barbarian hosts of Joshua received and executed the decree of their god, "Slay and spare not ;" when the world everywhere reverberated with the tramp of armed men, and the air was filled with the shrieks of the dying, and the savage yells of the slayer ; when, closely attending on the heels of war, stalked vice, disease, and misery, "the endless brood of distress ;" what wonder if humanity, hopeless of the future, made to itself the image of a happy past, and eventually came to think of the image as a reality ?

It is clear in these days, however, that the belief was erroneous. The dwarfed mummies of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt and Peru point to no past *physical* perfection. The recorded crimes of historic peoples—some of them inconceivable by the average modern man, as, for example, the male lover of the Greek—are not significant of a *moral* completeness. The universal slavery of past ages, with its attendant barbarities of *droit de seigneur* and the like, is not indicative of a *social* state agreeable to a golden age. The ignorance and superstition, that persecuted a Galileo, and destroyed a John Huss, do not imply the *intellectual* perfection we seek. So, too, the plagues, famines, and epidemic diseases which deso-

lated the world in the past, show no *complete knowledge* of the laws of life such as would be looked for in the perfect being. Even the Victorian age, with its social reforms, philanthropic movements, and extensions of justice, the age of railway development, steam navigation, and the inauguration of aerial-ships, the telephone and the phonograph; even this age was marred by international brigandages and cruel wars, social distresses, enormous criminality, open and concealed, intense ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and class hatred.

Although we nowhere find traces of a bygone golden age, we everywhere perceive the steps that are leading to it in the future. When the simplest forms of vegetal life arose, when ages later the first automatic wriggle of the *Bacteria* and *Tortulæ* marked the beginning of sentient life—the movement towards ultimate perfection had begun. During the countless ages of miocene and pliocene, ages of bloody strife and survival of the fittest, it continued, until man's hairy progenitor, with pointed ears and prehensile tail, inaugurated the mechanical arts by using a stone to break open his nuts. The uncouth savage, whom civilized man is constrained, will he nill he, to acknowledge as his ancestor, helped on

the Divine plan when, ages later, in his cave home, he first fashioned a flint, the better to force out the marrow from the elk-bone he had just picked. When, after the manner of a snarling cur, he fought with tooth and nail in defence of the hard-won trophies of the chase, the imperfect shelter of his den or the laboriously chipped flint, thus initiating the age of war—when the antagonisms thus set up forced him to remain with his family or unite with others for protection, so instituting the first social contract—when chronic warfare, giving the prestige of chief to the strongest, bravest, or most cunning, originated an authority which forced him to subordinate his selfish instincts to the well-being of the embryo society ; the advance towards the golden age had already attained definition. As the ages rolled on, the mutual antagonisms of men, joined with the effects of hunger and disease, weeded out the sickly and weak, and left the healthy and strong to people the world and transmit their superior natures to descendants ; and so another rung was reached in the ladder of progress. The consolidations of family groups into clans, of clans into tribes, of tribes into nations, effected by incessant war ; the habit of co-operation in battle inducing habits appropriate

to industrial co-operation ; the differentiation of non-combatants from combatants, as industrial pursuits received increasing attention—these are conspicuous steps in the forward march of the young race.

Confining our retrospect, however, and tracing the development of humanity from the period named by historians “the Victorian age,” we may remark first, that notwithstanding great progress in some departments of knowledge, there was distressing ignorance concerning things which to us seem of primary importance. It was above all things an age of anomalies. For example, while it was a universally-acknowledged truth that the object of education was to fit men and women for the business of life, scarcely any attention was directed to the things that have a direct bearing on the business of life, while much time was spent in learning the languages of extinct peoples, and in making bad rhymes in these dead languages. And so completely did this “classical” superstition dominate the Victorian institutions, that without a knowledge of the dead languages it was prohibited to men to practise any liberal profession—that of healing, of speaking in a law-court, or in a pulpit.¹

¹ The preacher probably spoke ironically when he applied

Another startling anomaly was the fact that after nineteen centuries of the Gospel of Peace the greatest delight of the people was either in war or in reading about war. For warriors women reserved their brightest smiles, and men their highest honours. Honourable titles,² decorations for their bodies, and gifts of money, rewarded the successful slaughterers during life; and after death their memory was perpetuated by stone effigies in the national temples and public places. Blood-red was the colour of their garments; and in this suggestive garb, with butchering knife slung at their side, were they accustomed to appear at public festivities. Those who did not actively engage in killing "national enemies" (often poor ignorant savages, whose territory it was considered desirable to "annex," which is the diplomatic term for steal), showed their military sympathies by reading

the term "liberal" to the close oligarchies which as incorporated societies rule the professions named. The illiberality of excluding from the professions men and women, who, though competent, do not subscribe to the dogmas and articles of faith of the oligarchies, is too conspicuous to need emphasizing.

² A Fiji warrior of high rank bears some such title as, "the waster of" such a coast, "the depopulator of" such an island, "Fresh-from-slaughter," "The blood-stainer," "The brain-eater," &c. Might not this style of distinction be advantageously adopted by our European "warriors of high rank"?

accounts of the slaughter, and paying artists to make drawings of the most horrible scenes of carnage they could find. And when, as sometimes happened, there was no actual killing, these Christian people read the descriptions of carnage contained in the works of a barbarian poet named Homer, or a battle-loving historian named Allison, or they bought up some sixty editions of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"! And all this after nineteen centuries of the Gospel of Peace!

The anomaly was further emphasized by the fact that into the very regions where the filibustering policy was carried, this remarkable people sent missionaries to preach to the heathen their Gospel of Peace. So that it often happened that the precepts of Christianity were driven home by bayonet-thrusts and cannon-shot.

This was the age which first saw the expansions of knowledge implied by such phrases as "the Correlation and Conservation of Forces," and "The Natural Origin of Species;" which witnessed the discovery of Sirius's satellite and the planet Neptune by their gravitational influence; which produced photographs of stars so distant as to be invisible to the eye even when aided by the strongest telescope, and in which the

unity of nature every day received verification and fresh emphasis. And yet this was the age when millions of intelligent beings believed that certain pieces of wood, iron and bone, rags, hair and nail-parings, had power to interrupt the uniformity of natural laws. Here is the solemn *credo* of one of the most learned men of that day—Cardinal Newman :—

“The Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible ; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter ; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris ; the holy coat is shown at Trèves ; the winding-sheet at Turin ; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a nail of the cross ; and another nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan ; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escorial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's Well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata ; blood has flowed on Friday from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. . . . St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for 500 travellers ; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak ; St. Andrew shone

brightly in the dark ; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain," &c. &c.³

Thousands of years ago in Egypt a man who had lately buried his wife, found himself suffering ailments which he imagined were inflicted by the spirit of his departed spouse. For a time he bore his pains with fortitude, and prayed for relief. This not coming as speedily as desired, he brought an action-at-law against his wife's ghost, and won the case. The verdict censured the defendant for her past misdeeds, and required her to cease forthwith her ghostly tormentings. Many centuries afterwards the judicial decree was found tied to the arm of the wife's ka-statue in her tomb.

The superstition of the omnipotence of law thus amusingly exemplified, was not limited, however, to the banks of the Nile. In the brilliant era of Victoria—for so contemporary writers speak of it—appeal was constantly made to the law for the removal of evils of all kinds ; people rarely thinking of trying to remedy them by individual effort or voluntary co-operation.⁴ The anomaly, however, consists in the

³ Quoted by Kegan Paul in *Century Magazine* for 1882, p. 283.

⁴ "There is a certain document, styled rather autologically

fact that it was notorious, and almost proverbial, that what the law undertook to do was always ill-done, and that evils were not unfrequently intensified by its interference. 'Government meddle' and 'government muddle' became in those days synonymous terms ; and yet such was the faith of the people in their political fetish that, in their distress, they ever addressed to it devout petitions for relief. Aesop relates that a charioteer, appealing to the gods to lift his chariot out of the bog, was severely rebuked, and told to put his own shoulder to the wheel. It is to be regretted that communications from Heaven had ceased before the Victorian era ; for otherwise, the shiftless people who always invoked the governmental fetish to help them in their troubles, might have received from above some equally appropriate admonitions. But it is likely that even the gods would have tired of uttering rebukes, so frequently would they have been called for.

The response, however, made by the law-makers, showed how completely they appreciated the com-

'The Queen's Proclamation against Vice and Immorality,' which is read at the opening of all assizes. It is now proposed to turn it into an Act of Parliament, and thus initiate the Millennium forthwith."—*Extract from a newspaper in 1884.*

pliment paid to their wisdom and power. In eighty years they passed no fewer than 27,000 acts of parliament—enough, one would think, if legal instruments could do it, to convert a Hades into an Elysium. As these acts were couched in language unintelligible to the people at large (and often indeed puzzling to experts), a large body of men devoted themselves to their study ; not, however, so much for the purpose of explaining them as for further obscuring their meanings and raising quibbles so as to benefit wrongdoers. So that those who were wronged, invariably endured the injustice rather than run the risk of losing their case, and being victimized in addition, by the institution intended to secure them justice. That it was the function of the State to secure, free of cost, to citizens their equitable claims, never occurred to men. Each was expected to secure his rights for himself ; and yet so great was the brigandage of justice, that even if a suitor proved his claim, he was not unfrequently ruined in the process. A striking illustration is furnished by the case of an artist, who being maliciously libelled by an unscrupulous rival, was pecuniarily ruined in the endeavour to re-establish his reputation by legal process. Aggressors were in fact encouraged to wrong by the extreme improba-

bility of punishment ; while those wronged were deterred from seeking redress by the uncertainty of the result. The anomaly here was, that while men submitted to be heavily taxed for the ostensible purpose of protection against aggressors, they yet were content to pay ruinous costs whenever they appealed to justice for protection against aggressors.

Multitudinous other examples might be given ; but these will suffice to show how far this Victorian era was from being a golden age. Let us now briefly trace the lines along which, since that period, progress has proceeded to the present comparative perfection.

The most influential and conspicuous of these of course was the establishment of permanent peace. At a certain point in a nation's development, war has given all that it has to give, and all further progress depends upon peace. The point in English history was the age we have been considering—the age of popular government and freedom of thought and speech. The decadence and ultimate extinction of militancy resulted from several combining factors, of which may be named the following :—

I. Repeated extensions of the franchise, so as in time to bring about manhood suffrage, and eventually

to give electoral equality to women, admitted to governmental power those most interested in the preservation of peace.

II. The limitation of ministerial and official power, by opposing a check to the high-handed doings of government agents at home and abroad, also contributed to prevent international disputes. The first step to this result was the appointment of a Committee of Foreign Affairs, selected by parliament from its own members, and consisting of all political parties, with the function of watching the relations with foreign powers, and making representations to parliament whenever occasion demanded. Similar committees watched over colonial relations and the affairs of India.

III. A rational system of education helped on the movement, by teaching boys that glory is not inseparable from war, and by substituting as objects of contemplation by the young and impressible mind, more humanizing subjects than the deeds of Homeric Greeks.

IV. The Gospel of Peace, too, gradually came to be recognized as a thing not simply to be preached about, but to be carried into practice. The *Word* of Good gave way to the *Spirit* of Good ; and bishops

as well as clergymen, ceasing to uphold unjust wars, began to denounce them in the name of their Master, and continued so to do until wars ceased.

V. Along with this change in the social state went a corresponding change in men's sentiments, and the love of war gave place to the love of peace. This change of sentiment first showed itself in men's reluctance to enter the profession of arms, because of the disrepute into which the business fell. To become a soldier was to court social ostracism, while military displays became objects of popular ridicule. Thus did various influences combine to bring about the condition of things for which men had been waiting and praying during long ages of strife.

The reversion to industry of the wealth and labour previously spent on war and preparations for war, had the effect of a powerful stimulus to industry ; one sequence being to promote the welfare of the lower classes, and, by raising them, to effect a nearer approach, if not to equality of social rank, at least to equality of comfort in living.

A further concomitant of declining militancy was the diminution of governmental power. Having its origin in war, and being maintained by war and civil aggression, it is obvious that the principal function of

government was abrogated by a universal peace, and accompanying increased regard for the equitable claims of others. The governmental function has survived in the administration of justice ; but as men's moral natures tend to mould themselves into harmony with their increasingly perfect conditions, there will ever tend to diminish the need for judicial interference with citizens.

With the extinction of international jealousies and aggressions, came a unification of once-divergent races. Nations were bound together by ties of mutual dependence ; commerce was made perfectly free ; and the nations have continued to profit by the exchange of products, the growth or manufacture of which is favoured by the conditions of their respective habitats. It would now be as impossible for any European nation to war on its neighbour, as it would be for Sussex to invade and despoil Kent.

Science and the arts have come to be cultivated to an extent undreamt of by our grandfathers. The production of labour-saving machinery, the removal of the burden of war, and the more general participation in the world's wealth, has given the labourers an amount of leisure which, at the lowest computation, doubles their hours of work. Hence discoveries

in science and mechanical inventions have been great and numerous ; while proficiency in music, painting, sculpture, and arts which were unknown to past generations, has become general. The humblest toiler—his position being determined by his abilities, and not by his birth—is as highly cultivated as his imperfect faculties allow ; and thus, equally with the highly-endowed philosopher, is he enabled to live the completest life of which he is capable.

With advancing knowledge, the laws of life have come to be understood and strictly followed. Hence the disease and bodily suffering which used to be regarded as natural, but which were really very unnatural, have been greatly reduced, and almost removed. As attention is now being paid to the breeding of the race—selecting by preference the best examples of humanity through which to perpetuate the race—the progress to physical perfection is rapid and sure ; and we may look forward to the time when the ills that flesh is heir to may, like other undesirable heritages, be altogether evaded.

Thus are we progressing with rapid steps towards the golden age of humanity—the kingdom of heaven which a Great Teacher predicted many centuries ago ; a kingdom in which Justice reigns, with a triple crown

of Peace, Love, and Truth. Then will obtain that fuller life about which poets dream and philosophers speculate—a life free from sordid cares, ignoble strivings, and unattainable desires. Such will be the product of the “nature red in tooth and claw” which men call “survival of the fittest,” such the culmination of the principle which is vaguely named “Evolution,” such the end towards which “through the ages one increasing purpose runs.”

“May the grace of a gentle and helpful spirit, and the love that binds all things in one, and the communion with all that is high and noble, pure and true, abide with us all evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE LIVING PAST.

THE golden spires of the Empire City mingled their radiance with the glory of the rising sun as the *Meteor* rose from her harbour and resumed her flight towards the Western Isles. Dotted here there and about the blue heavens were other air-ships, flashing towards all parts of the globe : crossing mountains and seas, arid plains and unbridged rivers as indifferently as did the birds. Graceful and swift as the swallow's flight, more luxurious than the noblest of earthly palaces, these marvellous air-ships seemed to mark the acme of man's ingeniousness : art and science appeared to have reached in them their highest development.

Grizzle, though now used to the bird-like motion and able to look from the dizzy height without shrinking, yet half doubted the reality of so much of the marvellous ; and as he flew over Long Island into the wide Atlantic, he joyfully hailed Far Rockaway

and other places known to him, more because they were verifications of his confused impressions than because they were places interesting in themselves. In this state of alternating doubt and certainty, he saw the Jersey highlands fade from view, and with them disappear for these pages the Western Republic, with its two hundred million people, its boundless fields and mammoth granaries, its vast mineral treasures, and the hundred other things which, by Grizzle's time, had raised it to the greatest civilization the world had ever seen.

Our terrestrial was leaning over the bulwarks watching the evolutions of passing aerial-ships, when Captain Gregory approached ; and after a few casual remarks about the captain's impressions of what he called "the aluminium 'Golden Horn,'" invited him to the grand saloon, where one of Shakespeare's tragedies was about to be played, with a cast including several generations of the best actors. Edmund Kean, the elder Booth, Garrick, Irving, Macready, Charles Matthews, Forrest, Mrs. Siddons, Ellen Terry, and Mary Anderson, were among the names enumerated by the captain. The dazed mortal wondered how actors long dead could join the living in the production of a play ; but he restrained his curi-

osity and followed his friend to the saloon without question. The lecture-hall had been transformed into a theatre ; and already the audience had gathered to witness the play. After the usual overture, unusual this time, however, in that it came from the bell of a phonograph—the curtain rose on *Hamlet*. To Grizzle's utter bewilderment the parts were filled by actors who severally lived at different periods. Garrick was gravedigger with Matthews ; Ellen Terry as Ophelia was wooed by Kean as Hamlet. The thing was incomprehensible ; but the acting was such as Grizzle had never seen before. Every part, insignificant or important, had for its exposition the greatest actor of his day ; and the result was a rendering so harmonious, and displaying such an equality of talent, that Grizzle knew not which he should most applaud—the subtle delineation of Hamlet or the simple announcement by a messenger.

During the progress of the play Grizzle had been restless and unable to conceal his wonder ; but Captain Gregory seemed to enjoy his mystification, and put off his questionings with irrelevant replies. After the curtain fell the terrestrial made no further attempt to restrain himself ; but rushing up to Dr.

Payne, who had been busy elsewhere, eagerly demanded if Jupiterians were immortal: persons whom he believed long dead had stood before him apparently in the flesh and as full of life and vigour as ever they had been.

The doctor, who was the embodiment of gravity, looked seriously at his questioner, as if he suspected a joke. Grizzle explained further, telling what he had seen.

"Oh, those are not living persons," the doctor said with a smile.

"Not living! But they walked and talked!"

"Of course they did; but for all that they are not living persons."

"I do not understand." Grizzle spoke almost pleadingly.

"Come, and I will explain." And the doctor led him back to the now-deserted saloon. Touching the button of an electric apparatus, the doctor caused the curtain to rise. Then, pointing to a thin, gauzy screen stretched across the stage, said, "Do you see that?"


"Yes," replied Grizzle, "though I did not see it before."

"Observe it attentively!" And the doctor moved

away to a large, barrel-shaped instrument, not unlike the phonograph. Directing the bell towards the screen, he touched a small spring. The internal mechanism began to work, and simultaneously there appeared on the screen the figure of a man, whom the terrestrial recognized at once as the elder Pitt. Erect with the dignity of conscious right, and with eyes flashing a virtuous indignation, the great orator stood as when the thunder of his eloquence smote the hearts of those traitors to their manhood who upheld a fratricidal war.

"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman," Grizzle heard the thin lips say, "while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms ;—never, never, never !" And so to the end of that noble denunciation of an unrighteous and savage war did the spectre speak—voice, gesture, and look as real to the senses as when the spirit of the great statesman still animated the body whose shape was so well copied. Another touch of the electric button, and lo ! where the noble Chatham had lately stood, appeared a great but silent throng, habited in the garb of two centuries ago. In the background was a sable platform, surrounded by the bristling pikes and glimmering helmets of many rows

of soldiers. Still further behind were the windows of a large building, one of them communicating with the platform. As Grizzle looked wonderingly on, a procession slowly emerged from the window and passed to the platform, amid the death-like stillness of the crowd. The central figure of the group was a tall man in black velvet, with soft, flowing moustache and beard. His face was pale, and calm. Looking around with disappointment at the array of armed men which separated him from the people, he seemed reluctantly to give up an intention of speaking to them; and turned to address what he had to say to those immediately near him. After speaking a few moments, he loosed his broad lace collar, and giving it to those near, turned to a block, standing near two masked men. As he approached, one of these advanced to ask him something, and immediately received a quiet reply. Then he knelt, the masked man raised a wide-edged axe, and Grizzle, shutting out the horrible scene with his hand, heard a dull thud as the axe fell. Then came the words, hoarse and discordant, "This is the head of a traitor;" and, opening his eyes, Grizzle saw the second of the men holding up the streaming head of Charles the First. As the crowd turned away in mournful



silence, Grizzle fled horror-struck into the open air.

The doctor followed more leisurely ; and, when the affrighted mortal had somewhat recovered his external composure, proceeded to explain to him the mechanism by which such startling effects were produced. The horrible scene, depicted as it had been with terrible realism, had, however, so greatly shocked the captain, that the minutiae of the explanation were lost on him. The vague impression that remained was that the instrument was a moving photograph—a photograph which reproduced every look and motion, just as the phonograph reproduces every sound. To this was joined a phonograph, which, accurately adjusted to the gestures and the movements of the lips, repeated the words and all the inflections of tone in which they were spoken, so that they seemed to proceed from the lips of the image. The perspective was as perfect as in nature. A number of moving figures were represented in all the intricacies of cross-motion as accurately as were the movements of an individual. Simple as such a mechanism was to Jupiterians, it was beyond earthly science (though not so far as Grizzle thought) ; and as the representative of the lesser planet listened with vague understanding to the

minute descriptions given by the doctor, he had slight hope of being able to reproduce them on his return to Earth.

It is needless to describe how Grizzle enjoyed subsequent exhibitions of the powers of the photophone, as the instrument was inaccurately but conveniently called. With the doctor's aid he conjured up the great spirits of the past, and bade them strut once more about life's stage. At will, he leaped into the dead centuries, and mingled with spectral crowds of cavaliers and roundheads, or joined in the solemn prayer of the first pilgrims, as the *Mayflower* sailed away into the misty west, to found a new nation. He dragged up the dead past into the living present, and laughed or sighed over the resulting incongruities. To describe what Grizzle did and saw, would be but to enumerate the possibilities of the photophone; and these the reader can imagine for himself. To illustrate the habitual discontent of man, however, it may be mentioned that before Grizzle had had long experience of the photophone, he was finding fault with it because it repeated only such events of the past as had been photophoned; and because the figures did not act or speak away from their parts. It was not enough that the most

exciting scenes of history and the noblest deeds of long-buried generations of men, could be repeated at command ; he desired that fresh scenes should be enacted, just as they would if the images were living persons, and placed in new conditions. But so complete a revivication of the dead was beyond the possibilities of even a Jupiterian science.

Meanwhile the *Meteor* continued her swift flight across the Atlantic. Strong northerly winds prevailed for several hours, and forced her some degrees south ; so that when land was sighted on the afternoon of the second day, it was not Ireland but Brittany.

Seated behind the photophone, Grizzle was enjoying the grotesque humour and droll grimaces of Grimaldi, when his mirth was brusquely interrupted by a call from Captain Gregory, who, standing at the door of the saloon, was beckoning his little friend to join him on the terrace. As the grinning face and podgy figure of the clown vanished from the screen and the form of Sydney Smith appeared in its place, bowing with mock gravity, Grizzle, who had known the brilliant conversationalist in the flesh, responded to the invitation with anything but alacrity. The Celestial, however, gave him little time for excuse ; and seizing the pigmy mortal in his arms as soon as

he got within reach, he carried him on to the terrace ere the terrestrial could well begin his objections.

Grizzle quickly saw that he had no occasion to regret the change. The *Meteor* had entered a region of cumulus clouds, which piled up in snowy banks against a background of the purest azure, vied in splendour with the grandest alpine ranges. As far as the eye could reach stretched masses of dazzling white, their eccentric forms suggestive now of vast mountain ranges, snow-covered and glacier-grooved, now of massive fortresses and castellated palaces ; at one moment representing the towers and minarets of an Oriental city, at another rapidly changing to the hideous shape of some antediluvian monster. Now the ship dashed along steep escarpments and overhanging cliffs, rolling them down in silent avalanches in her wake ; then like a stream of light she flashed into the fairy caverns of the air, rousing in her course the slumbering elves, and whirling them in a maddening dance at her heels. Vast arcades of pearly alabaster, alternating with groves of rosy coral, as the sun bathed them in glowing light ; cathedral-aisles of purest marble and oriel windows of brightest rainbows ; sylph-haunted grottoes ruddy with the light of liquid gold or sparkling with the countless diamonds

of a winter's frost ; such were the glories of that fair cloudland which Grizzle now entered for the first time.

Through the cloud-rifts—chinks, as Grizzle poetically thought, through which the angels look at men—glimpses were had of the deep green of the Atlantic. The *Meteor* was ascending the Channel, with head pointed straight to London. Grizzle stood on the terrace, eagerly striving to catch the first glimpse of the chalky cliffs of Beachy Head. While thus engaged, he became conscious that the air-ship was gradually sinking towards the surface of the sea, and, leaning over the side to verify his impression, he felt himself touched on the shoulder. Dr. Payne stood beside him, his face unusually serious.

"We must descend to the saloon," he said, in answer to Grizzle's inquiring look.

"What is it?"

"The *Meteor* is approaching the surface of the sea, and it is feared that the vessel is leaking badly," was the alarming reply.

"Leaking ! in what way?"

"The gas is escaping. The explosion has relaxed the fibres of the canvas, and the hydrogen has greatly diminished. It is feared that there is not enough remaining to support the ship."

To the mortal the position seemed alarming in the extreme. Miles away from the coast, and slowly dropping into a choppy sea, Grizzle saw slight hope of rescue for the several hundred passengers who were hurrying to the lower parts of the ship with such of their possessions as were easily removable. Inside the saloon Captain Gregory formed the centre of an anxious group. As Grizzle approached, an engineer stepped hurriedly up, and reported that the vessel was rapidly sinking, and could not float more than three minutes. Grizzle was dismayed, but, contrary to his expectation, there was no panic among the passengers and equipment. Every one looked to the captain for orders, and he was prompt to decide upon the course to be pursued.

"Let everybody descend to the lower ship," he cried. Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "Have the screw unshipped, and replaced below at once."

The orders were obeyed with alacrity. The only visible anxiety was that everything portable should be at once transferred to the lower part of the ship. Grizzle descended with the rest, calm as they, and with mingled feelings of curiosity and apprehension awaiting the result. This was entirely unexpected. Standing with a crowd of other passengers in one of

the lofty halls of the lower edifice, he presently felt a slight shock, and knew that the vessel had struck the water. Almost simultaneously with this sensation the roof of the hall oscillated for a moment, and then rose and floated away from the structure. As it ascended and its form came into view, Grizzle recognized the huge sac which had contained the buoyant force, and formed the terrace on which he had spent so many happy hours. Severed from the solid portions of the ship, it still contained hydrogen enough to carry it far above the clouds. As the captain looked wistfully at the vanishing balloon, he understood the anxiety that had been shown for the removal of all things portable from the aerial-ship; he recognized that he was no longer on an aerial-ship, but on an ocean-ship, and he liked the change as little as did the rest of the passengers. Mounting to the level of the lofty bulwarks, and looking over into the sea, he was astonished to find that what was left of the *Meteor* was passing over the waves at a spanking pace. Instinctively he glanced aloft, but no sails were visible to account for such a rapid progress. The mystery was soon explained. He discovered that every air-ship consisted of an upper and a lower part, the former containing the buoyant force—the

gas ; and the other consisting of the heavier chambers, containing the batteries and the accommodation for passengers and crew. Whenever an accident rendered needful a descent on to the sea, the upper part was detached and allowed to float away, while the lower part, being a boat-like construction, rested upon the surface of the water. The electric force was then transferred from the aerial-screw to the aquatic-screw, and the passengers found themselves in a well-appointed, seaworthy ship, provisioned for a long voyage, and independent of wind and tide.

While Grizzle was entering these particulars in his book, the engineer again rushed forward, and cried, "Another disaster, Captain Gregory ! The vessel is not sea-worthy. Already the water has swamped the batteries !"

"Divert one of the batteries from the screw to the pumps. Then have the ship headed for the nearest port."

"That is Le Havre," responded the engineer.

"Very good ; reach the harbour as soon as possible."

Grizzle observed with surprise the calmness with which the Captain received the news of this fresh disaster. Remembering Dr. Payne's remark about

the long survival of the instinct of fear and the decay of fortitude, he concluded that the present danger was but small, a conclusion which was speedily confirmed. He found that the batteries worked as well under water as above it ; therefore what in an earthly steamship is a grave accompaniment of a leaky vessel, —the inability to raise steam—was here reckoned of small account. He also learnt that even at the worst the ship could not sink ; for the thought and energy which for generations had been devoted to the removal of the dangers attending sea-voyages had, long before the development of aerial travelling, resulted in a construction that could withstand the most violent storm. The worst that could happen was that the passengers would be made sea-sick and perhaps wet through.

Amid the grumbling of some of the passengers, joined with the wailings of others in whom

“ The peculiar up-and-down motion
Which springs from the treacherous ocean ”

produced disagreeable sensations, the *Meteor* arrived without further accident at Havre. Here some waited for a passing air-ship to pick them up on its way to England, and others took the railway *viâ* Calais and

the Channel Tunnel. Of these latter were Grizzle and Dr. Payne.

Railway travelling on Jupiter was found by the denizen of Earth not to differ in any very important particular from the same mode of locomotion on Earth. The accommodation was, however, of surpassing luxuriance. As Grizzle already knew, the motor force was electricity. Steam had long been superseded, owing at first to decreasing supplies of coal, and subsequently to the perfecting of electric producing apparatus. The methods of working the railways precluded the possibility of accidents. For passenger traffic, however, railways were not in favour on Jupiter; the relative slowness of the locomotion hindering the development of any but local traffic. For journeys greater than a hundred miles or so, the aerial-ship was more suitable. But there was great railway traffic in goods. Extending their steel paths across the heart of Asia to the extreme point of Kamschadtka or the most southern points of Dekkan and Burmah, piercing the continent of Africa, and ramifying the several peninsulas of Europe, so that before aerial locomotion came into vogue, it had been possible to take a through train from Thurso to Troy or from Archangel to Zambesi, or even, except-

ing a short trip across Behring Straits, to pass without change of carriage from London to Tierra del Fuego ; the railways had almost supplanted sea-going ships, whether propelled by wind, steam, or electricity.

The Channel Tunnel was an accomplished fact—or rather since there were several Channel tunnels, was more than a fact. The construction of the first had long been delayed by the turbulence of nations ; but as people grew more peaceful, and the art of scientific murder ceased to be an honest business—became indeed disreputable—the reasons which delayed the project gradually ceased to be valid. The results were as beneficial as was foreseen, unaccompanied however by the need of elaborate arrangements for defending or destroying the tunnel in anticipation of invasion. And it was through this remarkable tunnel that Grizzle rode from Havre to the World's Metropolis.

CHAPTER XII.

JUPITERIAN JOURNALISM.


ONE of the first things Grizzle did after arriving in London was to look out for Macaulay's New Zealander, who, according to the prediction, ought to have been sitting on one of the crumbling arches of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral. The crumbling arches and ruined cathedral were, however, conspicuously absent. There, unquestionably, was the artistic New Zealander; but with him the verification of the prophecy ended. The bridge which should have been a picturesque ruin, appealing to the tourist's sympathies by its associations of long-past greatness, spanned in solid pride the now-pellucid Thames; while the cathedral still reared heavenward its lofty dome, undaunted by time, and radiant with the sheen of its aluminium roof.

The New Zealander, too, was not the kind of tourist Macaulay evidently intended. No bronze

Maori was he, but a ruddy Saxon; an antipodal Briton he called himself. The aborigines of New Zealand, like all other inferior races, had succumbed in the contest with the white man—had been civilized off the face of the globe, as the phrase runs; and beyond the Maori's cranium and trophies in museums, there remained little to show that he had been.

As the denizen of earth gazed in wonder at the signs of ubiquitous prosperity, displayed alike in the contentment of men's faces as in the grandeur of their edifices, he recognized the vanity of the prophecy which foretold England's ruin. The very thought was foreign to the Jupiterian mind. The material prosperity of England, especially under a *régime* of universal peace and equity, was secure as the foundations of the island itself; and no sordid fears, threatening national extinction through unsuccessful competition in the world's catering, troubled the Jupiterian Englishman. There was, however, a fear allied to this, though proceeding from a far different cause. The national prosperity was held to be as sure as the foundations of the island itself; surer it could not be. But it was a fact ever present to the celestial Briton's consciousness, that his beloved island *was slowly and surely subsiding*, and that at

no remote period, speaking geologically, it *would have sunk beneath the waves* which erstwhile it had been Britannia's boast to rule. Grizzle, ignorant that on earth the same fact had been ascertained with equal certainty, was horror-stricken at the thought. The remoteness of the catastrophe and the consideration that England would survive in her children—America, Australasia, South Africa—in no way abated his dismay. He pictured the waves sweeping in boisterous glee over the submerged island, or dashing with envious rage at the unsubdued crests of its Snowdons and Ben Nevises; while, beneath, the sea-monsters gambolled or fought in the streets and squares of its towns; whelks clung to the marble pillars of its cathedrals, and sea-weeds stretched their slimy tendrils over the sculptured façades of its palaces. Hideous shapes glided through the silent halls of its ancestral homes: creatures with goblin-eyes, seemingly critical of the works they stared at, or pondering with philosophic gravity on the nature of the builders of these submarine cities. Later, he pictured the tempests sweeping masses of sand and shingle over the buildings and other works of man, burying them far out of sight. Then long ages passed, and slowly the island rose again, and a new race of men



dug out the buried records, and decyphering them, wondered at the strange customs of those who had once called themselves Britons. Giving the rein to his fancy, Grizzle heard the learned disputations of these *savants* over their discoveries: what kind of creature was a "king"? a social idol, or a national pet animal, dainty in its food and allied to the Asiatic white elephant? "Taxation," too, was a word which caused much dispute among the wise-acres of the second Britain; a majority holding that it meant a secretion of the bodies of citizens on which officialism fed, while a minority contended that it frequently was a synonym for plunder, and invariably stood for exactions more or less unjust. Similarly opinion was divided as to the function of "government;" some holding that it was "the duty of All-of-us to provide for and take care of each of us," while opponents denied that it implied anything beyond the duty of maintaining equitable relations among citizens and protection against foreign foes. But the word, the meaning of which was most contested, was "religion." About this, party-feeling attained a political high-water mark in Grizzle's imagination. Some hotly held that it was a word without definite meaning; others as warmly contended that it was a

nutritious food on which ecclesiastics fed ; and a third party claimed that it was but the shibboleth of the dominant social class. A fourth section agreed that each definition contained an element of truth ; and coinciding with this view, Grizzle let his fancy return to the England whereon he stood.

It must not be inferred from all this that Grizzle had forgotten the primary object of his journey to England—that namely of seeking out his Jupiterian double. But where all was so new and strange it is not surprising that the representative of earth loitered to look about him. The wonders that greeted him on every hand were of a kind utterly undreamt of on his native planet. To enumerate them, however, were not only tedious but unprofitable ; for to a 19th century terrestrial so marvellous an advance on all he had been accustomed to would, if described, appear as improbable as an account of the 19th century itself would have seemed to a Londoner of the time of the Charleses, when the use of hackney carriages in the metropolis was prohibited by law, because they were “a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort the queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree.”¹

¹ Craik's “History of British Commerce,” ii. 52.

Could "his majesty, and his dearest consort the queen," now stand at the Bank and see the incessant streams of traffic flowing in all directions, their feelings of "disturbance" would probably be out-balanced by their astonishment.

As the Captain and Dr. Payne passed through the city, a proposal was made and immediately adopted, to step into the *Times* office to see what was there going on. Nothing of special interest was observed until the party having turned to leave the building, heard through a door the tones apparently of some lecturer. Catching the words "Victorian Era," Grizzle paused before the door, and then, prompted by something further which he heard, pushed it open and entered.

The sight which greeted him was grotesque in the extreme. On the platform was an elderly man declaiming with considerable vehemence in presence, not of a living audience, but of an audience of phonographs. Rows upon rows of instruments stretched forward their bell-like ears, avidly seizing and registering the words of the speaker, who, until the three friends entered, was the only living being present. As the door closed with a slight noise he looked round, but did not interrupt his discourse.

Grizzle thought he had discovered an example of celestial lunacy, and made a jocular remark to that effect.

The doctor, with his wonted gravity and in a subdued voice, replied that the speaker was an author of great repute, and that he was now composing a *Times* leader on Economic Science.

Still the terrestrial did not understand the meaning of the display of oratory in presence only of inanimate machines. It was presently explained that this was the Jupiterian method of preparing journals ; the author's words, besides being registered by a hundred phonographs for use at home, were transmitted by as many telephonic cables to all parts of the world, there again to be registered and multiplied *ad libitum*. So that wherever the English language was understood—which was co-extensive with the world—the articles and news composing the day's *Times* were heard in the author's or reporter's own voice simultaneously with their utterance in England. And as every household had its own phonograph, the journal could be heard by any one who, not caring to listen to the public telephone by which the first sounds were received, chose to buy one of the tin-foil impressions of the plate, for in-

section in his private phonograph. Thus it appeared that the speaker was not addressing merely a number of dead machines, but a living audience that extended from the Thames to the Yangtse Kiang, from Alaska to Cape Horn, and from Trondjheim to Table Bay ; that included the inhabitants of the whole world, whether in Japan, Timbuctoo, Europe, the Golden Chersonese, the Pacific Islands, the Americas, Australasia, or India. As Grizzle realized this, his amusement changed to wonder, and he turned to listen.

“In the island of Laputa,” the speaker was saying, “a law was passed compelling each workman to work with his left hand tied behind his back, and the law was justified on the ground that the demand for labour was more than doubled thereby. If the law had been that half the community should have both hands tied behind their backs, while the remaining half worked with both hands to maintain them, the economic results would have been very much the same. Absurd as both systems seem to us in these days, the latter is practically the industrial system which prevailed during the period we are now considering ; for though the idle part of the community had not their hands actually tied behind their backs,

they yet used their hands only to satisfy their personal needs ; many, however, not even doing this, being dressed and fed by the hands of the workers. And this division of the society into drones and workers was justified on the same ground as was the one-handed system of Laputa, it being held that the supply of labour would otherwise exceed the demand. The fallacy of this assumption is obvious. Labour is not, as is implied by the argument, a fixed quantity. The immediate result of a sudden increase in the supply of labour would unquestionably have been to throw large numbers out of work, but eventually this would have assumed the shape of general leisure. The whole community working half-time would produce no more than half the community working full time. Given more leisure, the lower classes would gradually have become cultivated. This would have been accompanied by increasing demands for the luxuries of life—books, pictures, beautiful furniture, better houses, better clothes, and more of them, better food, and more of it. To meet this greater demand for the products of labour, there would have been need for longer hours of work on the part of all, and gradually the efforts of the entire community, working full time, might have been absorbed. Hence it

does not follow that because of an accession to the labour-market, the previous labourers would have suffered, or, in other words, that the supply of labour would have exceeded the demand. The steam-engine added more to the productive power of England than a million pair of hands could do, and yet the result was, not to cause the labourers to starve for want of employment, but to raise their standard of comfort. And a further addition of productive power would ultimately have a kindred effect. Approaching the present perfect industrial condition as this all-workers' system would have done, it is not surprising that we find in the books of that semi-barbaric age, no conception of such an equitable economic adjustment ; and speculations containing even the germs of any such conception were branded as visionary and impracticable."

The speaker ended here, and, after touching a bell, left the platform. Immediately his place was taken by another, who gave an account of the previous day's sitting in the Amphictyonic Council, as the Chamber of Deputies of the Federated States of the World was called. A third gave an epitome of local news, a fourth contributed an amusing sketch, and finally Dr. Payne got up and "spoke" an article on

the decadence and extinction of militancy. In this he quoted the after-dinner speech of a commander-in-chief, made towards the end of the twentieth century, which may not inaptly be re-quoted here :—

“Gentlemen,—I thank you for your kindness, but apologize for my nervousness. My profession disqualifies me for anything like publicity or criticism. (*Hear, hear.*) As you all know, I, in common with the rest of my brother officers, am a recluse. I prefer the odour of midnight oil to the perfume of gunpowder. (*Cheers.*) I need scarcely remind you that, nowadays, we have no bloodshed. All our fighting is done on paper, and such a thing as an angry word is entirely obsolete. (*Cheers.*) When we know, as a mathematical certainty, that a given number of rifles and cannons and ammunition, with men behind them, must beat a force so large or so small, what can be the use of fighting the matter out? It would be sad waste—(*cheers*)—so we get a little ‘rusty’—(*no, no!*)—to use an expression once much in fashion with those barbarians, the ‘warriors’ of the past. (*Groans.*) In conclusion, let me again thank you for proposing the health of a body of men who, unacquainted as they are with the old-fashioned cruelties of military life, are yet the saviours of the

people. (*Great enthusiasm.*) War, nowadays, thanks to the march of progress, is quite as interesting as a game of chess, and not half as dangerous. So, gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment you have paid the army."

Our terrestrial found that the political condition of England was not in the chaotic state he had witnessed in America. The country had passed beyond the experimental stage, and democracy tempered by socialism, and aristocracy were alike unknown. The servants of the people, called in America the Government, had very little power in England. Social distinctions, save those established by the principle of efficiency, had no existence in Britain. Kings, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and others, who on Earth were counted noble because of their birth, and as such had artificial advantages over others, were unknown except in history. These ranks having had their origin in militancy, disappeared as militancy ceased, for wars and rumours of wars no longer disturbed the swelling current of men's happiness and prosperity. Each man performed the task prescribed by his own wants, free otherwise to do as he pleased while not encroaching on the like freedom of others. And by reason of all being workers, and none mere consumers

of the products of other men's work, each had a large amount of leisure to spend as it best pleased him, and this leisure was not diminished by that immense tax on men's time and money, which militancy, by necessitating large armies and navies, entails on the people of Earth. Indeed, as Grizzle later found, war in Europe was negated not only by men's high morality and intelligence, but by the fact that the nations regarded themselves as one people. The geographical divisions of the planet preserved the names they had acquired in ancient days, but nations with opposing interests and attendant jealousies were unknown. The world was a huge confederation of states, held together in perennial peace by practical recognition of the universal brotherhood of man, and governed (so far as the functions of arbiters may be called governing) by a body of representatives elected by universal suffrage, and chosen as a mark of public esteem rather than as an investiture of authority and power.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN TO EARTH.

THE dwelling which Captain Grizzle inhabited before leaving the Earth, was a small villa in Upper Norwood—a position chosen for its ready access to town, and because it was beyond reach of the murky atmosphere of the metropolis. Overlooking the fact that on Jupiter the air of cities was as pure as that of the country (for the reader will not have forgotten that on the greater planet edifices were heated chemically and by the combustion of water, while the tidal energy supplied the power needed in manufactures, &c.), the captain concluded that kindred reasons had determined the location of his celestial duplicate in the same suburb. Though the reasoning was wrong the conclusion was right; the residence of the “greater” Grizzle did occupy a spot on Jupiter corresponding to that covered on earth by Marine Lodge; so that the terrestrial had no difficulty in finding his way home—so to speak.

Accompanied by Dr. Payne, the captain proceeded shortly after the events narrated in the last chapter to the suburb indicated, and without once asking his way walked direct to Marine Lodge. As his feet crushed the gravel of the garden path that led to the door, his heart seemed to rise higher in his throat at each step; his excitement was at fever-heat. The doctor pressed the button of the electric bell, and immediately the door swung open, revealing the gigantic counterpart of the servant who called Grizzle "master" on the lesser planet.

"Is Captain Grizzle at home?" queried the doctor while the little captain remained in feverish anxiety behind.

"Mrs. Grizzle is!" replied the girl.

The captain waited for no more, but rushed eagerly forward, while the maid fell back in astonishment as she recognized her master "in little." Walking straight to the room where he believed Mrs. Grizzle to be, he entered unceremoniously. When the doctor came in a moment later, he saw Mrs. Grizzle standing in the middle of the room apparently horror-struck at the apparition.

"Is it alive?" she was saying with bated breath.

"Do you not know me?" he asked.

The lady did not reply, but with fixed eyes gradually moved backwards, as if from a fearful object.

"Maria, do you not recognize me?" he asked again, his voice quivering with excitement. "I am your husband!"

At these words the lady threw up her arms and with a shriek, fell to the floor. The maid, who had remained near the door, rushed to her mistress's aid.

Grizzle at once turned to her. "Do you not know me?" he said, "I am your master."

"My master!" she repeated in a tone in which sorrow was strangely mingled with wonder. "Captain Grizzle is dead."

"Dead!" the exclamation came simultaneously from the friends.

"Yes; there he lies," and the maid motioned to a room opposite to the one wherein they stood.

Grizzle rushed to the door, and flinging it open, found himself in presence of a recumbent figure covered with a white sheet, the outline of the drapery plainly indicating the nature of the object concealed. Hesitating an instant before the figure as if to gather courage, he threw back the sheet and gazed on the placid features of the dead. For a

moment he leaned over the well-known face—the counterpart of his own—as if to prove its identity, then turning to his friend who was just entering the room, he sprang convulsively towards him, and with a cry fell unconscious.

* * * * *

As his faculties slowly returned, he became conscious that he was again in the disembodied state : he felt to be all volition. Looking round he found himself in “the gleaming wilderness of star-land.” Around and above and below, like a huge globe of which he was the centre, reached the mighty ring of the firmament, spangled with an infinitude of worlds, among which his native planet was lost. Even the giant mass of Jupiter was not distinguishable in that galaxy of suns ; and as the puny mortal looked tremblingly down the star-strewn abyss, he realized to a greater extent than ever mortal had done before the awful sublimity of the universe. The appalling silence of those vast solitudes, which even the mighty rush of a comet could not break, stupefied him ; the “noiseless glitter and awful bulk of the creation” overwhelmed with their terrific grandeur the tiny spirit which found itself tossed from the

surface of Jupiter into that eternal abyss. Everywhere gleamed with steady light the unnumbered suns—above, beneath, around. Oceans of nebulæ stretched their unmeasured lengths of fire, here glimmering like the mist of a golden sea, there spangled with nascent worlds. Everywhere was the same unflinching glare—everywhere the same alternations of brightest azure and fire.

Lost amid this glitter of worlds, Grizzle's anxiety was to find his way to Earth rather than stop to inquire why he had dropped from Jupiter. Dazed as he was, he yet felt that the centre of endless space was not the fittest place in which to solve riddles. So dismissing the query concerning his involuntary departure from the giant planet, he set himself to find his way to Earth. But where among these countless orbs was the Earth? Nay, where the sun that surpasses it so greatly in size and beauty? Surely it was not the tiny globe that seemed hardly worthy to be the satellite of some of those fiery orbs that glow with a brightness and heat a million times greater! Even so; for yonder is the ringed Saturn, and Grizzle must return, for he has been speeding away from the Earth, and will presently be beyond his native solar system. Already he is in danger of

losing himself, as did Carlyle, in "the Immensities." Like a thought he flashes across the vast expanse, and once more regains his planet-home. The reader, too, will now return from Heaven to Earth.

It will be remembered that before taking his celestial flight, the captain was seated in his cabin-like study at the top of his house in Upper Norwood. Expecting to find the corporal part of himself still in the same place, the spiritual Grizzle at once proceeded thither on his arrival on Earth, but was surprised and not a little alarmed to find that during his absence on Jupiter his body had been removed. For a time he hovered over the spot as a bird lingers near the scene of her pillaged nest. Then he descended to the lower part of the house, whence proceeded sounds of revelry. Entering, of course unseen, he was horrified to find his wife and a number of her friends holding his funeral feast. *His body had been buried that day.* Without a moment's delay he flew to the cemetery, thanking his stars that cremation was not in vogue. Finding out the grave where his body had been laid, he slid through the thin covering of earth which had been thrown upon the coffin, and

through the stout oaken planks into the "tenement of clay" he had been accustomed to inhabit. His hope was, when embodied, to break open the coffin; but to his alarm he found the shell too shallow to allow him to exert his whole strength, and despite his most frantic efforts the walls of his prison remained firm. Slipping out of his body again as easily as he slipped in, he sat on the edge of the grave, looking wistfully into it and wondering what kind of existence he was likely to lead without a body. He could return to Jupiter or he might visit some other celestial world; but without a body to return to when he had finished his explorations!—the thought was horrible: under such conditions life was not worth living. While thus musing, he heard the sexton, coming as he believed to fill up the grave. He started up, and flew wildly around the sexton's head, who, all unconscious of the drama being enacted, trudged on with a merry whistle. Arrived at the grave the sexton threw down his spade and scrambled into the excavation, Grizzle still excitedly hovering near him. First he brushed away the loose earth from the coffin, and taking out a small screw-driver, proceeded to unscrew the lid. The poor bodyless

mortal ceased his fluttering, and watched the operation with anxious interest. In a few seconds the lid was loose. But Grizzle, awaiting no further developments of the grave-digger's intention, brusquely re-entered his corpse, and leaped out of the coffin, to the unspeakable terror of the sexton, who was thrown by the movement into a corner of the grave. With a hoarse shriek of delight the now "incorporated" sea-captain sprang out of the grave, and rushed away through the darkness in the direction of his home. Without warning, and still clad in the trappings of the grave, he broke in upon the festive mourners. For a moment they gazed in speechless horror at the shrouded figure ; then came a shrieking, a scuffling, and a swearing, and in the confusion the light was knocked over. In the darkness the confusion became worse confounded. For some minutes nothing was heard but the incoherent din of a struggle. Evidently the guests had got mixed up with the feast and the furniture, and were sorting themselves out with difficulty. Occasionally the groans, cries, and struggles were varied by the sound of rushing feet, as one by one the mourners disengaged themselves from the mass, and with precipitancy took their leave by the back door.

Thus did our hero "speed the parting guest." When the last had been effectively "sped," the captain ascended to his own quarters, to change his attire, and to collect his scattered wits.

CHAPTER XIV.

RECONCILIATIONS : HISTORICAL, PERSONAL, AND
CONNUBIAL.

WITH feet in hot water and mustard, head bandaged with brown paper and vinegar, and generally swathed in red flannel, Grizzle sat the next morning in his cabin-like study. Having resumed the flesh, he naturally took upon him the ills which flesh is heir to, joined with sundry additional ones resulting from the prolonged disassociation of his body and soul. Aching limbs and pains in the head bore emphatic testimony to the fact that such disassociation is not conducive to personal comfort. Five days' lying in state, followed by a brief rest in the grave, Grizzle found to be productive of stiff joints and rheumatic pains ; while the soul's absence on Jupiter caused a mental derangement which manifested itself in sluggish thought and shooting pains.

So sat the Grizzley captain, and pondered, as well as the imperfectly restored harmony of his dual

nature allowed, on the mysteries of the past few days. The experiences he had lately undergone were all more or less perplexing; and some of the mysteries proved too deep for his understanding. How he came to have a tangible shape on Jupiter, for example, was an unanswerable conundrum to him; and his sudden and involuntary departure from the giant planet was almost as unaccountable. Some savage peoples of Earth—the Russians amongst them—believe that in sleep, swoon, apoplexy, &c., the spirit leaves the body and wanders away in search of adventures on its own account. Remembering this primitive belief, Grizzle seized upon it as the only feasible explanation of his hurried departure from Jupiter: his soul had wandered off during the swoon, and had unwittingly lost itself in the “Immensities.” Devoutly thanking his stars—principally Saturn—that had led him out of Infinite Space, he turned his thoughts to the elucidation of the problem—“If I was on Jupiter fourteen days, how came it that my body lay soulless on Earth but five days?” This indeed was a problem of some difficulty; and in his present state of incomplete unity of corporal and spiritual parts, he gave it up. Presently, however, as he literally pulled himself together, he discovered the

right explanation. And here the reader's attention is particularly desired ; as what follows furnishes remarkable, if indirect, testimony to the truth of Grizzle's narrative. Jupiter is a planet that revolves on its axis in ten hours, less a fraction ; so that it takes two Jovial days and two-fifths, namely, twenty-four hours, to make an Earthly day ; and a fortnight of Jupiter's time is equal to less than six terrestrial days. Hence, while Grizzle's soul had spent an adventurous fortnight aloft, his body had lain in a state of coma only some five days and six nights below. Had the Jovial days been equal in length to those of Earth, Grizzle would have been obliged to spend the remainder of his mundane existence *bodyless* ; for his entranced corpus *would have been buried nine days before his return*.

Little remains to be added. Mrs. Grizzle, who, like many wives, recognized her husband's merit only after she believed him lost to her, became a devoted and sensible wife. She used to say in respect of the funeral feast, that though "there was a sound of revelry by night," it was only in accordance with the good old English custom of rejoicing that a relative or friend has gone to a happier place and has no further need of this world's goods.

When Socrates was asked by his friends just before his death, where he wished to be buried, he told them they might bury him where they pleased *if they could find him*. Grizzle recognized equally with the great Styrgian that it was impossible to bury a man ; but he knew by experience that it was possible to bury a man's body ; and, as he used quaintly to ask, "What good is a man after his body is buried ?" Fearing some such catastrophe to himself, he ceased to wander away from his corporal part, and is now content to make his journeys in the ordinary fashion. He often says that Murray's guide-books are getting out of date again ; but he resists with a noble steadfastness the temptation to put them right. Whether he will ever revisit the celestial regions, it is impossible to say. When asked, he replies jovially, "If I do, I'll let you know all about it ;" and passing on this promise to the reader, the writer of this record lays down the pen.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER IV.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, the French radical, recently gave to an American journalist, an analysis of the character of his friend, Louise Michel, the socialist. Said he :—

“ It is hard to say to what party she belongs. She wants to help the poor That is all her politics. One day she is an Anarchist ; the next day a Socialist. Her heart is better than her head. She has no clear idea of any theory of government beyond benefiting the poor. She is too good-hearted, going out to Noumea in the same ship with me, without shoes or stockings. She had given all she had to other poor prisoners on board. I have a number of her dresses at my house now, and dare not give them to her unless she needs them for actual use, as I know she would give them straightway to the poor. She always has a following which professes to believe as she does in order to take advantage of her generosity. She is an enthusiast.”

It is this class of eccentrics, with “ no clear idea of any theory of government beyond benefiting the poor,” who are responsible for the present indrift of society towards communism. Every enthusiast with

his pet scheme for ameliorating the misery of the world, seeks the help of the governing power to bring about the change he aims at. Boileau used to say that there is no fool who cannot find greater fools to admire him; and in accordance with this dictum, we find that every hasty reformer and unreasoning philanthropist has his train of followers, who swear by the State, and make never-ending praise and prayer to their political fetish. The world is face to face with socialism. What is it going to do? Make a god of it, and worship it, thus carrying to their logical conclusion the prevailing beliefs in government? "So be it," cry the Michels, the Karl Marx, and the Henry Georges; and in a fainter chorus we hear the "amen" of the Chamberlains, the Dilkes, and other "servants of the People, collectively called the Government." And while this clamour is at its height, the men and women who are vaguely named "the Public" remain unmindful that they have any nearer interest in this "Coming Slavery" than that of mere spectators.

Christ was the first socialist, say these men, whose "hearts are better than their heads." But when those who have the cloak are called upon to put it over the shoulders of him who has just gotten the coat, there will be considerable dissent, even from Christian socialism. And it is in this dissidence that

the hope of the future lies. A great many people who have the cloak are indifferent to theories concerning the obligation of "All-of-us" to give coats to "Some-of-us," but it may be safely predicted that the indifference will cease as soon as "Some-of-us" grab at the cloak.

For this reason, the author does not believe that the socialists' ideal will ever be reached. The condition of Chicago, as described in the foregoing pages, is impossible at this age, and with this humanity. Still it is well to inquire whither strong tendencies lead ; and complete subordination of the individual is the logical outcome of the theories so prevalent at this time. A *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument for Government interference in all the relations of life, may bring conviction to some minds that are untouched by logic in its abstruser forms.

THE END.









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